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GATE-HOUSE AND LODGE.

THE

WOODLAWN CEMETERY

IN

North Chelsea and Malden.

Massachusetts

H. W. Fuller

"How must a spirit, late escaped from earth, —
The truth of things *new* blazing in his eye, —
Look back astonished on the ways of men,
Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves!"

YOUNG.

BOSTON:

HIGGINS AND BRADLEY,

20, WASHINGTON STREET.

1856.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by

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BOSTON:

PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS little book, hastily prepared, and originally intended for the proprietors of lots in Woodlawn Cemetery, is now offered to the public, in the hope that, with its illustrations and selections, it may not be unacceptable.

Since the consecration of this beautiful Garden of the Dead, no guide-book or directory relating thereto has been published. Meanwhile great improvements have been made, and much interest has been excited among persons familiar with the place. To extend this interest, and to supply such information and suggestions as may be needed to proprietors, citizens, and strangers, this waif is cast abroad.

The sketches by Mr. R. D. WILKIE, engraved by Mr. JOHN ANDREW, have been printed by Mr. R. M. EDWARDS in a superior manner; and with the Extracts, which are of a high order, will, we trust, be duly appreciated, and render ornamental and attractive what might otherwise be deemed a business matter.

The public taste has become so refined on the subject of rural cemeteries, that the danger now is that too many and too small ones may be undertaken. The contrast between the unattended, weedy, and neglected grounds of our forefathers, and the neat, tasteful, and ever-guarded rural depositories which of late years have attracted so much attention, is so marked, that we demand the modern treatment. But is it not the evidence which we see of constant vigilance, delicacy, and care, rather than the spot itself, which affords us gratification? These can be had only at great cost; to meet which, a large patronage and population are required, and consequently an extensive territory.

Mount Auburn, Forest Hills, and Woodlawn, each contain more than one hundred acres. Small rural cemeteries may succeed for a time, but must eventually fall into neglect. Nothing less than a concentrated and liberal support, from a great multitude of persons, can sustain a rural cemetery of the first class; and such Woodlawn aspires to be.

Boston, June 2, 1856.

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The Woodlawn Cemetery organized . . . . . Aug. 31, 1850.

Grounds consecrated . . . . . July 2, 1851.

Corporation confirmed and established . . . . . April 27, 1855.

By special Act of the Legislature, then approved.

ENTRANCE AVENUE.

(From the Gat.)

ADDRESS

DELIVERED, JULY 2, 1851, AT THE CONSECRATION,

BY

THE REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS.

WE have come together from our living homes to set apart these fresh acres of the earth as a resting-place for the dead. The most cheerful influences of nature are around us and over us. Our theme is not a cheerless one, save to the unthinking and the undevout, who omit from their view of life its divine element, and see in its close only the termination both of happiness and of hope. Our theme has lessons as bright and soothing as are these present aspects of nature: the heart is sensitive to some precious emotions which no other theme can stir. The cool water-course flows beside us; the trees wear their summer garb; the sun is performing his flaming ministry of life; the birds enjoy their brief day; the glorious expanse above us spreads as wide as does our largest hope. We have been educated by the spirit and the les-

sons of a faith which has rolled away the stone from the sepulchre, and brought immortality to light.

Appropriate rites, the solemn hymn, the uplifted prayer, the thoughts and words which the occasion and place call forth, the calm and seemly spectacle which we now make and look upon, are to leave a spell upon these scenes. We trust that these acres will find no other use than as the last bed for mortal clay, while the present bounds of civilization remain. Though very near to us are now incessantly in motion the thousand sounds of the busiest scenes which the surface of the whole earth can present, their din and turmoil are silenced here. The dead and the living will not be too far apart for such communication between them as necessity and sympathy will require. But these green slopes which skirt the horizon are the proper boundaries of this spot. There are still some broad acres amid these busy regions which have witnessed only the toils of healthful husbandry. Their annual crops have nourished the living. Birds and squirrels have still a home here, and we give them leave to remain.

We have come to consecrate this broad enclosure, its green turf, its forest-thickets, its water-courses and fountains, its quiet seclusion, and every shrub and flower which shall grow here. And what is the consecration of this spot? Now, while the sod has as yet been pierced

for but a single grave,* we consecrate it by devoting it to its destined purpose; for that is to our minds a sacred purpose. We consecrate it by passing over its fenced bounds in the hushed and meditative mood which our thoughts here wear. We consecrate it by connecting with it now those lessons, tender, sad, and yet elevating, which, we trust, will be deepened year after year in unnumbered breasts, — each lingering over its own most cherished parcel of earth, the shrine of its own remembrances and loves. Henceforward it will receive a fuller consecration from the dust which it shall gather, and from the mourners who shall follow it hither. When, from those clustering homes which sweep the horizon around us, shall have been brought here, one by one, the honored, the useful, the cherished, the little babe or its mother, the father, lover, bride or friend, the silent forms of the youthful or the aged; and when from those homes these buried treasures, not forgotten, though mysteriously veiled, shall draw hitherwards the meditative steps of survivors, — then shall these scenes be truly consecrated. All that is deep and constant in human affection shall prove its power here. That little secret stream which fills the tear-channel of the human eye, and which is dried up

* The first interment was made in these grounds on the afternoon of the day preceding that of their consecration.

only when they that weep are themselves bewept, shall here pour forth its precious drops. Each sod shall by and by receive its nutriment from those tears. The harvests of every autumn shall increase their gatherings here. And when the spring unlocks the fetters of winter, faith shall here brighten and console the hearts of the submissive and the trustful. The prayers that shall here be breathed into the air will be as many and as fervent as have been caught by the walls of the oldest temple. And this will be consecration.

The most ancient records of man's life on the earth present us with three chief tokens to mark the possession of a portion of its surface as an abiding-place of human families: the well of water, the altar of worship, the tomb or cave for the dead. With what an impressive power — the force and beauty of simple truth — does that combination of the well, the altar, and the tomb, affect us! They lead us back upon the tide of ages, and bring us to the first habitable spot of the earth. The altar rising above the soil, the well and the grave beneath it, express to us the three great natural wants of man. Life's chief necessity, its divine law, its inevitable issue, are thus presented to the eye and to the mind. Amid our ten thousand wants, behold the three which crown them all, and one of those three the body's lonely and everlasting couch! The well-spring gathering its crystal drops from the secret

depths of the earth, and receiving them back again when man had used them and a heavenly distillation had renewed their purity, was a token that near to it grass would grow, and man and beast find sustenance. The rude altar-stone, which no tool had touched, was raised upon some overlooking summit: kneeling around it, the patriarchal family called upon themselves the name of God, and thus recognized that everlasting, that universal truth, the basis of all clear thought, knowledge and science, as well as of all religion, — that this earth, and all its elements and tribes, depend upon the loftier influences of the sky, and owe allegiance to the unseen Centre and Source of power, whence comes forth the energy that controls and blesses. When the life that had been nourished by food and water, and kept mindful of a divine oversight by the altar, came to its appointed close, there lay a cold and changing body, a forsaken tenement; and the mourner said, "Let me bury my dead out of my sight." Then the dust returned to the earth as it was.

There is a charm in those pastoral images which come up before our minds, as we read of the ancient wells of Canaan. The fervor and glow of true worship, as an exercise apart from all but the heart's own attitude, kindles through our spirits, as we read of the altars upon Horeb, Bethel, Carmel, Zion, and Gerizim, and upon every other summit over which the pilgrimages of the

patriarchs led them. But what can surpass in tender pathos that scene and those words in which the aged Jacob, dying in Egypt, turns away in loathing from its mummy tombs, as he remembers the resting-place of his family, and gives to his sons a commandment concerning his bones? — "I am to be gathered unto my people: bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite, for a possession of a burying-place. There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah." The tent for the living was movable; but the well, the altar, and the tomb, were permanent. It was through those three tokens of an inalienable possession, as the vouchers of a title, sure and sufficient as our modern deeds, that the patriarchal family, returning from an accidental though protracted sojourn in Egypt, claimed their inheritance in Canaan.

Wells, altars, and graves, the earliest, the universal tokens of man's presence on the earth, the most essential objects of his interest, are also the most enduring of his works. They multiply as do the tribes and numbers of our race. They retain the same relation to each other and to human life, and the same proportion, as of old; for men everywhere need them all alike. Where we find things so inseparably related and connected, there is ever a sort

of sacred beauty in their union. This relation is to be recognized here. The water already flows in a pure stream; the altar of prayer is to stand on yonder rising ground; and all around us are to be graves.

To these hidden repositories of the earth have been committed, age after age, unnumbered multitudes. How much of the earth itself is already a cemetery! How large a portion of its material elements has been wrought into human bodies! The idea of a transmigration, of a perpetual circuit of spirits, from one to another form, higher or lower in the scale of organized life, if but a mere fancy as regards the intelligent essence of man, is plain fact as regards the substance of human bodies. I have spoken of these as fresh acres of the earth, as yet unfamiliar with the processes and trophies of man's decay. But how know we that? Who can tell what remains of races, before our brief historic age here, may mingle with this soil? It may be as the poet writes, that —

> "This green mould, the mother of bright flowers,
> Was bone and sinew once, now decomposed;
> Perhaps has lived, breathed, walked as proud as we,
> And animate with all the faculties
> And finer senses of the human soul!
> And now what are they? To their elements
> Each has returned, dust crumbled back to dust,
> The spirit gone to God!"

How healthful is the chemistry of nature's laboratory, which can thus dissolve with a gentle but irresistible force

all organized forms! How beautiful are those patient processes of the elements, as they work on kindred materials their renewing toils! God open the eyes of our understandings, and quicken the sensibilities of our hearts, that we may enter into this rich wisdom, and be led up to him, its Fount, its Teacher!

The whole large compass of human thoughts and feelings has exhibited itself in the modes of disposing of the dead. Passion, affection, fancy, and superstition have had in this their freest range, and the philosophy of humanity might be illustrated by the views and usages connected with the departed of our race. Dread horrors have deepened the gloom which rests over the last rites of mortality. Barbarous ceremonies and cruel sacrifices, howlings, incantations, and the appalling frenzies of real or feigned despair, have settled over the funeral forms of the darker heathenism. The word *funeral* — derived as it is from the word which signifies a *torch* — still perpetuates a memorial of the ancient custom of midnight burials. Many of our sad images of death come from those barbaric fashions which we have put aside. And then again, by that inconstant action of the human mind, so marked in all the devices and conceptions of bewildered man, these horrors vanish; these barbarous rites, these appalling solemnities, pass like dark clouds lifted up from some sunnier portions of the earth, some tribes or peoples of a

gentler and finer fancy. Some of the most delicate and beautiful conceptions of poetry, some of the fairest fashionings of a dreaming brain, images and visions which wear the hue of remotest distance under the haze of light and shade, cover with the mysterious charm of classic draperies the naked form of death. Yet even of these, while they contain enough of higher sentiment to prove their affinity with the workings of man's nobler part, we must admit that they are mingled with mean imaginations and puerile fancies, to prove that the spirit was venturously groping amid things all unknown, and unillumined by the faith which turns to a heavenly country. Comparing the ancient heathen devices with the simple proprieties of Christian burial, we are reminded that these funeral rites have been burdened with all the gloom of superstition, and have been cheered by all the radiance of the spirit's brightest hope.

The various methods which have been employed through all time for the disposal of mortal remains, range themselves under one or another of three leading purposes in the minds of survivors. The first designed to resist or delay the dissolution of the body, and had recourse to embalmment. The second sought to hasten that dissolution, and, to that end, heaped the funeral pyre and applied the torch. The third method committed the body to the earth, and left it to the appointed processes and dealings of nature.

The poor devices of Egyptian art to avert the waste and dispersion of the elements of a human body required a violent dealing with it which was inconsistent with the purpose itself, and have been defeated and sadly mocked in the result. The organs of life and breath and thought, the heart, the lungs and brain, indeed all but the mere muscles and bones of the dead body, were withdrawn, that their places might be supplied by gums and spices. So that, after all the toil and pain, the linen bandages and the sealed coffin preserved only a part of the wreck of a human form. Preserved it! yes; but how long, and for what a fate at last! — for a fate far less meet and seemly than the gentle and sure dealing of the kindly earth, which would hide the shame, and manifest only the glory, of man. Some of those mummied relics have been torn from their ancient vaults to be made gazing-stocks in the museums of modern cities: these are supposed to be chosen specimens of the royal, the priestly, the mighty, and the honored, because of the splendor of their incasement. But for the millions of the common dead which heap the catacombs of Memphis and of Thebes, of Luxor and of Karnak, the necessities of the living have found a use. The wretched Arab wanderer will prepare his evening meal this night by a fire kindled from these pitchy relics of the elder race of Mizraim.

Two reasons have been imagined for this Egyptian cus-

tom of embalmment: one, that it was designed to prevent the distempers or plagues which would have attended the corruption of the dead in the crowded regions of a hot clime; the other, a fond belief that the spirit would yet return to its forsaken body, and that, so long as its parts could be kept together, there would be hope of its re-awakening to life. The latter reason is most conformed to what we know of the religious opinions of that race and age, and of their influence upon the customs of those who held them. But who that sees, as we see, the disappointment of that doting purpose, — the preservation of the body, — could have the heart to entertain it now? Or who would risk his hope of future being on so slender a chance for its fulfilment?

The rich melodies of the old Greek and Roman poetry describe to us the funeral flames which dissolved into ashes the old heroes of those classic isles and lands. Achilles consumed to ashes the remains of his friend Patroclus, which were deposited in a golden urn beneath a mound, till the ashes of Achilles himself were mingled with them, and the friends met again in the shades. Hector was burnt before the walls of Troy. Great generals, monarchs, and renowned men, were honored with all the spectacles and ceremonies which could exalt these obsequies of flame. Luxury and ostentation in ancient Rome magnified the funeral rites by burning the dead with

polished or fragrant wood, and pouring upon the fire libations of wine. The ashes, gathered in an urn, were deposited in the sepulchre beside the vase that held the tears. Chaldea exposed the flesh of the dead to chance or to beasts, and was anxious only to preserve their bones. The Scythians hung their dead in the air. We read of tribes who have used the sea for a burial-place, while others have shrunk from its awful caverns.

The just conclusion, from all the various opinions and customs of different people through the whole recorded history of our race, has now settled upon interment as the natural disposal of the dead. No embalmment will preserve the body; and, if it would, wherefore should it be preserved? Corruption cannot inherit incorruption. There are no objections to the funeral pyre, save that it is unnecessary, as doing at a price what nature will do freely, and that it wears the show of a harsh process with mortal clay, whose shapings and features have been dear. Scripture doth not sentence us to ashes, but to dust, in our burial: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." So have Jews and Christians, who revere that Scripture, been content to allow the dust to return to the earth as it was. Turning with loathing from all barbarous rites, from all artifices and dreary deceptions of the sight, we have learned to adorn with simplicity our Christian burials. The separated and consecrated spaces are called by Germans the

"fields of hope;" by the Dutch, "God's acres;" but best of all by us, our burial-places.

The necessities of the times, the changed circumstances in the modes of civilized life, have demanded these cemeteries. Village churchyards and city burial-grounds no longer suffice. But let us not forget or be insensible to the uses — the good uses — that are in them. Our own English ancestors on this soil were but little influenced by considerations of taste in the selection of fields for the interment of their dead. Their religious views, and their relative estimate of all such matters, would not dispose them to give much heed to the adorning of the body's resting-place. Convenience was the chief consideration with them on this point. It was not their general custom to connect the graveyard with the meeting-house. On marking out the bounds of a new precinct in the wilderness, and allotting woodland, upland, and meadow to the planters, they generally selected some dreary spot, whose sandy soil would make the labors of the spade easy for the burial of the dead. Yet those rough beds of earth have in their keeping much precious dust.

But those churchyards, as they are so truly called in the smaller villages and hamlets of Old England, how beautiful they are! In such retired spots as those in which the population does not increase, and the proportion between the consecrated ground and the numbers of

the villagers is such as to allow to the few that die each year their own graves, there is a charm about the churchyards which our cemeteries will never have. If the dust of the sleepers is there disturbed, it is only that that of rude forefathers may mingle with that of their descendants; and this is but a kindly violence. Time and nature, year by year, sweeten and smooth enough of the soil to give a peaceful bed to the scanty number who "fall on sleep" with each round of the seasons. It is all kindred dust, and the children are gathered to the fathers. The old church rises with quaint and massy repose, seated firmly amid the graves which tell so touchingly of human instability. Within, the aged walls and the oaken benches have gathered impressive associations. Occasionally, the lofty monument of the lord or lady of the manor, or the knightly effigies, will perpetuate just enough of worldly distinctions to show that they are vanity. In the yard around the church, full, but not crowded, are the tablets, headstones, and memorials of the humbler dead. Who that has ever lingered about some of those ancient hamlet churchyards, at the close of the Sunday service, has not felt the sweetness and pathos of their power? The villagers are spelling out the names of their remote ancestry, or recalling the memories of the recent dead, whose animosities are hushed, whose love only revives. In the lone corner by the wall, rest the chance wayfarers, the

strangers who have died in the hamlet, with a mysterious or a sad tale connected with their end, but with no kith or kin to follow them to their unhonored graves. Yet the traditions of the hamlet transmit their story; and it is told and heard by some, each pleasant Sunday of the year. The ancient yew-trees cut in fantastic forms, and the ivied tower, afford a shelter to the rooks, who succeed to as many generations of their own tribe, on the same spot, as do their living human companions. Rich in all that can adorn a landscape, or mingle wise mementoes with the soil of the earth, are those quiet rural churchyards. Soothing and holy are their influences to the heart that is touched by the common sympathies of humanity. We owe to one such lovely spot as choice a gem of poetry as is to be found in the English or in any other language, — Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

Nor is it to be regretted, that every long-inhabited city contains some ancient and crowded spot, whose whole contents are human dust, decaying tombs, sinking stones, and a wild growth of vegetation. These, too, have their use. If no longer disturbed in their reluctance to afford room for more in their thick-set graves, they are wise monitions, solemn sights, for a city. They tell of a fashion which does not change; the fashion which bids us all to put off these bodies. They answer a better purpose, and with a more gracious method, than did the grim human skull

which was set upon an Egyptian banqueting-table. The deep, rich foliage which they will nourish may shade the failing memorials of the dead, and cover with a garment of beauty the beds of their repose. The healthful air will draw through them. The timid bird, whose instinct has been deceived in them as if they were rural spaces, may find in them a place for its nest. The falling leaves of autumn will impress their instruction. Winter will spread over them its white robe of unsullied snow. Spring will there yearly teach the sublime lesson that life is born out of death. Let our city burial-grounds remain, unused indeed, but inviolate; tastefully arrayed, and kept in seemly order. They seem sometimes to be the only memorials of mortality which some who live in cities cannot shut out from their view. But when the silent, the sleeping population of a city outnumbers its living crowds, it is time to part the region around between them, and to prepare cemeteries like this. A burial-ground still in use in a large city is an offence and a harm; for then it will rather repel than solemnize the living, while it scarce secures repose to the dead.

The ideal of an appropriate resting-place for the dead is not difficult to define to the mind, nor to realize by the wise use of the means which we have at our service. A pure taste, a healthful sentiment, an instructed mind, a skilful hand, may plan and execute. Such an ideal will

exclude and admit certain features, emblems, decorations, and details, according to rules which carry with them their own warrant, or are readily approved when weighed and considered.

The first aim should be to exclude all gairish tokens of display and vanity, all theatrical embellishment, all excesses of mere sentiment, all coarse and repulsive emblems of the mere materialism of death. Though we say that the grave equalizes all mortal distinctions, we do not say so truly. Some signs of the distinctions and rivalries of life will find expression here: it cannot be otherwise where wealth and poverty shall have their graves. Such distinctions, so far as they arise from eminent excellences of character, or honorable fidelity in discharging the higher trusts of existence, ought to be recognized here; for they are part of the wisdom of the grave. Good taste, yes, something more simple even than that, will forbid the obtrusion here of all eccentricities, all that is barbarous in the shapings of the monumental structure, or boastful or ill-toned in the inscription which it may bear. Death needs no artificial skill, no ingenuity, no conceit, no parade, to invest it with effect. All such exhibitions will but detract from its solemnity.

And, even as to epitaphs, there are some suggestions which may be spoken in a still tenantless cemetery, better than where in single instances good taste may have been

violated. Flattering titles, superlative praise, and even some expressions of grief or hope, do not become the monuments of the dead. In the sacred privacy of a saddened home, a father or a mother may be spoken of as "the very best of parents." Brother, sister, or friend may there be extolled as excelling all others, known to the fond household circle, in purity, goodness, or fidelity. But, if the superlatives and encomiums which express these domestic partialities are inscribed upon stone and obtruded upon strangers, they may not always awaken the right emotion. So also, when those who have not lived or died in the esteem and good report of their associates are committed to the earth, near affection may have treasured some remembrances of kindness, some good intent, some struggling effort, even in them; and the softened hearts of the mourning may prompt an epitaph — as often an obituary — which will not harmonize with general repute nor with the grounds of Christian hope. Modest silence is better then than the ventures of charity, or the prominent suggestion of the large compass of the divine mercy. The great hope of affection may be as strong, if held within the heart, as if it were chiselled out in marble. The philosopher Plato restricted the longest epitaph to four verses, and suggested that the poorest soil was most meet for human burials. We may approve his former counsel rather than the latter. The epitaph of the emperor Adri-

an's horse is preserved; but his own has perished, — not, we may surmise, because of its modesty or its justice.

The rules of exclusion, which good taste and the harmonies of propriety and consistency will enforce in such a cemetery, will not trespass upon the large liberty which individual preferences may exercise for variety. Variety will be desirable here as elsewhere. The colors of the stones from which monuments are hewn are various: so may be their shapes, and the emblems which they bear. Flowers and trees are diversely fashioned, robed, and dyed: so may be their groupings and effects. The slender or the solid structure, the broken shaft, the consecrated cross, the simple headstone, the single memorial of a whole household with the record-page of the family Bible transcribed upon it, the urn, the vase, the withering flower, the chrysalis, the inverted torch, the winged globe, the serpent coiled into a circle, — the ancient emblem of unending time, — these do not exhaust variety, though they express so much. It is, however, to be remembered here, that the effort after singularity or novelty, whether shown in dress or manners or literature, or scientific or philosophical or religious speculations, most frequently fails, and in matters of taste produces the most tasteless results.

While much will depend upon the exclusion from these consecrated acres of all that is unbecoming and inappropriate, there is here a wide scope for the heightening of

natural beauties, and for the introduction of the decorations of a chaste art. True, we do not have here some of the more striking features of bold and grand scenery, with its sheer precipices, its overhanging mountain-brows and hill-tops, its deep, dark ravines, its abrupt declivities and ascents. But neither, on the other hand, is this a flat level, a tame, unvaried field, barren and drear. It is admirably suited for its destined purpose. This broad enclosure scarcely in any portion of it presents a level surface. It is varied with gentle undulations, and with that rolling line of beauty which attends the ascending smoke and the moving cloud. It bears thousands of forest-trees in full growth, amid whose roots the secret springs of water play, and flow to feed ponds and jets and fountains. Distant hills surround it; and from yonder tower may be seen the waters of the harbor and the bay. There go the ships, bearing upon the inconstant element, and under a heavenly pilotage, the freighted burdens of precious wealth from shore to shore; making them so fitting emblems of the voyage of existence, whose port of departure is life, whose course is over the ocean of time, whose harbor is eternity.

When taste and skill and affection shall have displayed their efforts here; when these fresh road-ways shall have been worn by travel, and the little by-paths which are to course between the family enclosures shall have been

marked out; when cultivation shall have improved the natural, and judiciously introduced the artificial, beauties of shrub and flower, of the quarry and the mine, — then will the judgment stand well approved which pronounced these acres adapted to this use. More than a hundred acres are here devoted to the burial of the dead. For what a multitude will they afford repose! How can we exaggerate the importance or the lessons of a spot of earth which is to gather such a congregation of the living and the unborn?

There is range enough in what is natural and simple to secure variety in the arrangement and adornment of this spot, to effect all that is desirable in impressions through the senses, and to excite those musing exercises of the heart and the spirit which convert outward objects into inward food. The chief dependence for such effects must be upon nature, its own true and unchanging features, its bolder outlines, its more delicate shapings, its sublime grandeur, its beautiful emblems, its ever-interesting processes to the observant mind. The earth itself, which is the scene of all man's mortal joy and striving in life, gives him a bed of silence for the everlasting repose of his body. The ancient heavens, whose glorious canopy was spread above before man's little round of life began, will still bend over his place of sepulchre; and so far as they are high above the earth, and larger than its compass, will those heavens for ever suggest a home for all departed

spirits. God teaches us all by nature; and we are made wise by constant communion, by sympathy and harmony, with it.

All nature should indeed be consecrated to man, and may be consecrated. Nature may stand to man as a vast enduring temple, reared for God: the ever-restless waters daily renew its baptism; the smoke of happy homes, and each kind breathing of every true heart, is its incense; its ten thousand scenes of industry and duty are so many altars; all faithful lives are accepted offerings; and these resting-places of the dead are like the holy crypts of the sanctuary beneath its more trodden ways. Here at midnight, during the storms of winter, will be heard the beating of the angry surf upon the lashed beach; and, if the ear of the living is here to listen, how deep will be the contrast between the hushed repose of those who sleep beneath, and the wild fury of the tempest! And what is such a contrast, compared with that between the dread loneliness, the stormy passions, of a heart without hope, and the peaceful trust of the spirit which looks upon death as the appointed way for entering on a true life?

And where do the changing seasons have such power to impress us as in an extensive and well-ordered cemetery? The seasons of the year,—how touchingly and instructively will they bear in their various lessons to the heart! Here will humanity in all its ages, from the one day or

hour of infancy, as its all of earthly life, to the aged of a century of years, find the same repose. The aspect of existence to each will have partaken of all the changing sights which mark a revolution of this earth around the sun. To some, existence will have been only spring-time, a bright inconstant promise, a budding joy, a seed sown in a cold furrow and denied a propitious growth. To some, life will have been a summer glory, all bloom and fragrance, and half-formed fruit, and half-realized hope, but with no maturity, no gathering-in of a perfected harvest. Autumn and winter, too, will apply their similitudes and parables to the ripened sheaves and the seasonable fruits of those who reach or pass the appointed bounds of life. For life and nature illustrate the same high wisdom.

Nor do we deceive ourselves when we yield to the hope, that, by gathering around a place of graves all becoming adornments, we may do very much to refine our own sensibilities, to relieve death of some of its derived horrors, and to quicken the longing aspirations which sustain our faith in an hereafter. All nature hath a death and a resurrection, and every dying seed perpetuates its own life in the fruits of its decay. Human language has not expressed a more profound or cheerful truth than is conveyed in those words of the Saviour: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone; but,

if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." The cypress-tree should not have been made an ornament and emblem of death; for, though its dark and silent leaves are expressive of melancholy, and the wood is almost incorruptible, the tree bears no fruit.

That is but a coarse and superficial judgment which thinks to impress good lessons by presenting the repulsive images of mortality, the frights and horrors of death. Those rude devices which were formerly carved upon gravestones — the grinning skull, the scythe of time, the wasted hour-glass — were more apt to provoke to a passionate indulgence in lower pleasures, while life lasted, than to rouse the finer sensibilities, whose faithful exercise will redeem our brief day. We must learn to free death from all these repulsive images. To this end, it is desirable, that, when a human body has once been interred, it be left untouched for ever. Would that there still prevailed some of the old ritual horror of defilement to guard our sepulchres! Would that the dead might have the same undisturbed possession of their resting-places, which the law secures to the living on the soil which they have occupied for a brief term of years! Let us hope that the consecration of large cemeteries like this, with the common interest which they impart to a large number of persons in their care and good ordering, will help, with other influences, to substitute Christian for Pagan views of death.

Thus, then, would we consecrate from this time forth these verdant fields around us. We give them up to the dead, and to such services to the living as it is in the power of the dead still to perform while their bodies shall slumber here. This is no place for parties of pleasure, or for scenes of revelry. Let the remains of the humblest and the loftiest find here an inviolate repose. Let the untutored utterances of sorrow from the lowly, as well as the more decorous reserve of the refined, be regarded as expressing the same sentiment of the same human heart; and so let the rudest memorial, as well as the stateliest monument, be hallowed. Let the adornments be chaste and becoming. Let the spirit and influences of this cemetery instil soothing and elevating sentiments into the heart of the chance visitor from the living world, while they relieve death of all its needless gloom. Let the sacred calm of retirement which shall settle over these consecrated fields be a type of that peace which the blessed gospel of the Lord Jesus offers to those who "sorrow as not without hope." Let the holy sentence inscribed upon the gateway comfort the mourners who bring their dead hither, and pronounce the great hope of all who shall sleep here, —

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE!"

Order of Exercises.

I. CHANT — PSALM XXIII.

II. READING THE SCRIPTURES.

BY REV. J. P. LANGWORTHY, OF CHELSEA.

III. PRAYER.

BY REV. WM. I. BUDDINGTON, OF CHARLESTOWN.

IV. ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH, OF BOSTON.

FATHER! we consecrate to thee
Valley and hill and rock and tree:
Here may thy soothing spirit rest,
Thy peace be felt, thy love confessed.

Here let the blight of Winter's wing,
The living breath of opening Spring,
Speak to the soul that looks to thee
Of death and immortality.

1307926

Here may the mourner, 'mid these glades,
These peaceful walks, these solemn shades,
Behold their charm o'er sorrow thrown,
And feel their spirit soothe his own.

Remote from crowds and strifes and woes,
In Nature's solemn, deep repose,
Let the dead sleep, — the living come
To weep in silence o'er their tomb.

Let homes for living men be made
In streets where crowding thousands tread;
The patriarch's "cave and purchased field"
For death more fitting mansions yield.

Through our sad chambers, day by day,
Death's dreaded form will force its way;
But let his graves without be spread, —
Bind not the living to the dead.

"Place for the dead!" the living cry;
Free air, wide space, around us lie, —
Fit home of death, if Thou but deign
Here, in thy peace and love, to reign.

V. ADDRESS.

BY REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS, OF CHARLESTOWN.

VI. HYMN.

BY H. W. FULLER, ESQ.

Now smooth we here a sacred bed,
And plant our city for the dead;
Not with vain pomp or festive cheer,
But, Lord, as dust to dust draw near.

Here shall Affection watch the hour
When Spring may drop her earliest flower;
And Love, with gifts and perfumes sweet,
Shall deck and hallow this retreat.

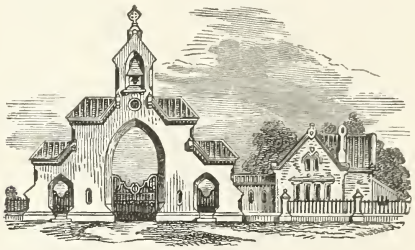
Here may bright Hope her chaplets bring,
And o'er these glades her radiance fling;
And, when dark night breathes sad and still,
Here trim her lamps, — her dews distil.

When Grief, unsolaced, comes with gloom
To linger round the garden-tomb,
May smiling Faith "the stone remove,"
And Joy celestial beam above.

Then, Lord, appear! the victory give!—
Thou to thyself thine own receive:
Grant, as we pass Death's portal through,
The heaven of heavens may fill our view!

VII. PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

BY REV. LEVI TUCKER, OF BOSTON.



SITUATION OF WOODLAWN.

WOODLAWN is situate principally in the south-east corner of Malden, but includes a small portion of the town of North Chelsea. It contains about one hundred acres of land, beautifully undulating, with open lawns, sunny glades, a rich soil, and, in several places, a dense forest-growth. Its distance from the Chelsea Bridge or Ferry is about two miles and a quarter; from Somerville, about two miles; and from Malden Centre, about one mile and a half. From BOSTON, by way of Chelsea Bridge or Ferry, the distance is about four miles and a half. The roads in its vicinity are all good, and remarkable for their quietness and rural character.

THE APPROACHES.

At present, the shortest and most agreeable mode of reaching the Cemetery from Boston is to go over the Chelsea Bridge or Ferry, and, taking Washington Avenue in Chelsea, to pass by the "Carey Improvement Company's lands" and the "Carter Farm," — into the Pratt neighborhood, over which Woodlawn, with its outer supports of hills and houses, seems to preside with great dignity and grace. By this direction, the visitor enters Woodlawn Avenue from the main road, at a point about seventeen hundred feet from the Gate-house, towards which it ascends regularly, and by a broad, continuous curve, until the whole structure is presented before him. The width of this approach is fifty feet, with grass borders, thirteen feet in width, on either side. It is well walled and fenced, and is planted tastefully with elms and rare trees, in clumps and scattered, which in a few years will produce an imposing effect. Near its lower extremity is a fountain, with a jet of fifteen feet. The plan of the "Carey Improvement Company" exhibits a continuation of this avenue across their lands, keeping the same width, and under the same name. When Woodlawn Avenue shall have been thus extended, the distance from Chelsea will be much reduced, and the road

be nearly level, with fine views and building lots all along its borders.

An excellent opportunity would then be afforded for a horse-railroad; and, as a new bridge is now being constructed from East Boston to Chelsea, it would greatly accommodate the public. We hope it may be completed as proposed, and planted with forest-trees, without great delay. An application, however, has been made to the County Commissioners to cut down the objectionable hills on Washington Avenue; and it is expected that an order will soon be obtained, whereby they will be so reduced that an omnibus may pass over this route daily to the Cemetery.

Another approach to Woodlawn, from Boston, is by Malden Street (turning off, in Chelsea, to the left at the Chelsea Bank, and crossing the Marsh Road, so called, into Ferry Street), and thence by Elm Street, as directed by the guideboards.

Elm Street will be easily recognized, by its forming a beautiful offset from Ferry Street, towards the east, with rows of elm and maple trees, whose high branches, interlocked, make an arched passage several hundred feet in length. From this charming shadow-pass, an avenue, fifty feet in width and about one-fourth of a mile in length, leads to Woodlawn. The distance from Chelsea by this line is about two miles and a half, and without

hills. With the exception of the marsh-road, it is a delightful drive, which will be still more attractive when trees shall have been planted on the avenue extended; a thing which may be anticipated from the character of the gentlemen who own the adjoining estates. It is by Elm Street that persons from Somerville, South Malden, Malden, Medford, and Melrose (and many from Boston, Charlestown, and Chelsea), now reach the Cemetery.

THE GATE-HOUSE.

The views presented of the Gate-house and Lodge are so accurate, that a description seems unnecessary. The principal building, fronting south, is fifty-six feet wide, and about forty-two feet high; is of the Gothic style, with side-arches, and a centre-arch about twenty-five feet high, above which is inscribed the Saviour's cheering declaration, "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE;" while a capped cross forms the top of the steeple. A deep toned bell, which is always tolled at a funeral, occupies the belfry. In the rear are appended small wings, — one of which furnishes a room for visitors, and the other an office for the Superintendent. The Lodge adjoining is exceedingly neat and convenient, and is occupied by the assistant, who has charge of the gate. The entire struc-

ture, painted and sanded like freestone, is remarkable for its harmony and grace. It was designed by Hammatt Billings, Esq.

RUSTIC WELL-HOUSE.

After passing the gate, the visitor finds himself in Entrance Avenue, whose wide borders and ornamental beds, added to its great breadth and easy lines, never fail to impress him favorably. It is, indeed, a fit introduction to the extensive grounds beyond. The travelled way is twenty-four feet in width; and the ample grass border, on the left, is planted with weeping ashes, Norway spruces, and various flowering shrubs. On the right are small flower-beds, with rhododendrons, mahonias, and annuals; also a rustic Well-house, rendered attractive by prairie roses, Baltimore bells, and other climbers. This has been much admired for its simplicity, and serves the useful purpose of giving rest and refreshment to those who seek it. It covers, in fact, a spring of excellent water. Its pillars are of the red cedar, or savin, with branches not closely trimmed; and it is protected on the north by a thicket of trees.

Near to the Well-house, on a large board representing a scroll, are the —

RUSTIC WELL-HOUSE.

(Entrance Avenue.)

REGULATIONS

CONCERNING VISITORS TO THE WOODLAWN CEMETERY.

The gates are opened at sunrise, and closed at sunset.

No money is to be paid to the Gatekeeper.

Visitors are required to keep off the borders.

No refreshments will be admitted, and no smoking allowed.

Persons making unseemly noises, or conducting themselves improperly, will be required to leave the grounds, and may be prosecuted.

No vehicle is to be driven in the Cemetery at a rate faster than a walk.

No horse is to be left unfastened without a keeper.

No horse is to be fastened, except at the posts provided for the purpose.

No person shall gather any flowers, *either wild or cultivated*, or break any tree, shrub, or plant.

Any person found in possession of flowers or shrubs will be deemed to have tortiously taken them, and may be prosecuted accordingly. N. B. — Persons carrying flowers into the Cemetery, as offerings or memorials, will notify the Gatekeeper as they pass in; and, in all other cases, they must be left at the gate until the owner passes out.

No person shall write upon, deface, or injure any fence, monument, or other structure, in the Cemetery.

No person shall discharge fire-arms, or destroy any bird or animal, in the grounds.

Any person, other than a known proprietor, shall, upon request, give his name; and, upon refusal, shall be excluded.

The Superintendent, the Gatekeeper, and any other person acting under them, shall enforce these regulations, and remove any person who may violate them. Trespassers are also liable to be fined not exceeding five hundred dollars.

All persons are requested to give notice of any trespass or violation of these regulations; and no person, who has wantonly violated any of them, will be again admitted, even if he shall obtain a ticket.

At present, visitors are permitted to enter the Cemetery, on foot or in vehicles, without a ticket of admission; it being presumed that all will observe the proprieties of the place.

We come next, in a few paces, to the junction of Netherwood and Mount Moriah Avenues, and to the beautiful triangle, in which stands, upon a granite pedestal, that emblem of fidelity and affection, the St. Bernard dog. Behind him rises the rare and wonderful ginko-tree, of which only a few specimens exist in this country. The sway of the limbs, the construction of the leaf, and its leathery texture, are well worthy of observation. The leaf is nearly fan-shaped, with radiations from a single point of the stem, and not from successive parts of a centre chord. Mahonias, japonicas, Swedish junipers, with rhododendrons and mezereons, and other flower-bearers, fill up the spare room.

On the east, Mount Moriah Avenue, gently ascending, leads to the —

GREAT TOWER.

This massive pile of rocks is about seventy-five feet in diameter at the base, and more than thirty feet high, five or six feet of the bottom courses being concealed by earth-filling. It is solid throughout, and can be easily as-

ROCK TOWER,

(Mt. Moriah Avenue,)

cended by a spiral walk, which commences on the north-east side. It is estimated that nearly three miles of ordinary stone-wall were consumed in its erection. It does not now appear like a modern structure; and when its interstices are filled with ferns and mosses, and its huge bowlders are bound together by countless cords of woodbine and ivy, and its baldness covered by green leaves and lichens and relieved by running roses, it will seem still more like a relic of ancient times. What an altar for Mount Moriah! From its summit now opens the broad sea, and Lynn, Saugus, and Nahant, the outer islands, and the bay. The ponderous Malden Heights, the green hillsides and savin slopes of the Chelseas, the forest near, the far-reaching meadows, and the distant spires, make up a set of picturesque and striking views. Probably, in time, it will form only the foundation for some high observatory; but, while remaining in its present unpolished grandeur, it may well remind us of the altar of Abraham, and of his unfaltering faith. Here, then, let us rekindle our faith in God, and renew our good resolves.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.

ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.

And Abraham on Mount Moriah bowed himself,
And buried up his face, and prayed for strength.
He could not look upon his son, and pray;
But, with his hand upon the clustering curls
Of the fair, kneeling boy, he prayed that God
Would nerve him for that hour. Oh! man was made
For the stern conflict. In a mother's love
There is more tenderness; the thousand cords,
Woven with every fibre of her heart,
Complain like delicate harpstrings at a breath:
But love in man is one deep principle,
Which, like a root grown in a rifted rock,
Abides the tempest. He rose up, and laid
The wood upon the altar; . . . then he nerved
His spirit with a bitter strength, and spoke, —
"Isaac, my only son!" The boy looked up;
And Abraham turned his face away, and wept.
"Where is the lamb, my father?" . . .
. . . . . .
It was the last deep struggle. Abraham held
His loved, his beautiful, his only son,
And lifted up his arm, and called on God.
And, lo! God's angel stayed him; and he fell
Upon his knees, and wept.

N. P. Willis.

RECEIVING TOMBS.

(Forta Path.)

Let us now return to the Netherwood Junction. Here, on a gentle bank, is a thick planting of all the harmless varieties of the early-blooming dog-woods. Intermixed with evergreens and other forest-trees, how beautiful are their white flowers! Pass on towards the wood: what an inviting vista opens! But pause for a moment at Forest Glade Avenue, and turn into Portal Path. It is but a step; but that step brings you to the Tomb.

THE RECEIVING-TOMBS.

Two of these have been in use since the consecration of the grounds; but two more and larger ones are now being constructed. They are not, as of old, hewn out of the solid rock, but are inserted peacefully and tastefully into an excavation made for the purpose in the solid earth, and are approached through a pathway lined with moss-grown rocks, and overhung by shade-trees and weeping-willows. Their solidity, simplicity, and repose have been much approved. They are kept with scrupulous neatness, and the area in front of them is sufficiently large for an ordinary funeral-gathering. When, as is sometimes the case, there is vocal music at the grave, the effect is very impressive, the mourners being concealed from the neighboring avenues.

The writer cannot forget the first time that this occurred. It was when the Rev. Sylvanus Cobb and his family assembled here to deposit all that remained of their remarkable little son James, concerning whom a small volume has been published. On that occasion, the music was touching in itself; but the sounds, coming from unseen sources, received additional power from the surprise of the hearer, and impressed him with their harmony.

As the Receiving-tombs are designed solely for the accommodation of the proprietors of lots, no charge is made for their use; a fee of only one dollar, for opening and sealing the tomb and making a record of the fact, being charged. But it is expected that there will be no unreasonable delay in removing the remains from the tomb to the grave; and the corporation reserve the power to do so, if, after notice, it is too long neglected.

ALL MUST DIE.

"Thus mighty Nature speaketh:
All around must perish, —
All that mankind maketh,
All that mankind cherish!"

WHAT IS THE TIME FOR DEATH?

What is the time for death? In life's new morn,
The young soul bright in all its purity,
Unstained by sorrow, and by care unworn:
Say, is not this the fittest time to die?
When would we die? In the bright noon of life,
When, thoughts and hopes and aspirations high,
Each passing hour with virtuous deeds is rife:
Say, is not this the fittest time to die?
When would we die? When life's calm twilight hour
Sends soothing rest to the dim, wearied eye;
When maddening zeal, and fierce ambition's power,
Have fled: is this the fittest hour to die?
We know not. Put each anxious care at rest;
Let all our thoughts and powers to God be given:
He will decide for us what time is best,
And, at the fittest, take our souls to heaven.

L. D. G.

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

SELECTIONS.

O peace of mind! thou lovely guest,
Thou softest soother of the breast,
Dispense thy balmy store;
Wing all our thoughts to reach the skies,
Till earth, diminished to our eyes,
Shall vanish as we soar. GOLDSMITH.

Shrink not, O human spirit!
The everlasting Arm is strong to save.
Look up, look up, frail nature! put thy trust
In Him who went down mourning to the dust,
And overcame the grave.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

I opened not my mouth; for it was thou,
O Lord! who didst it; and thou canst not err.
Enable me unto thy will to bow,
And be thyself thy rod's interpreter.

BERNARD BARTON.

LIFE COMETH OF DEATH.

Lo! all grow old, and die; but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses, — ever-gay and beautiful youth, —
In all its beautiful forms! These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh! there is not lost
One of Earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far-beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death; yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulchre, and blooms and smiles,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

BRYANT.

Each towering oak, that lifts its living head
To the broad sunlight in eternal strength,
Glories to tell thee that the acorn died;
The flowers, that spring above their last year's grave,
Are eloquent with the voice of life and hope.

IMITATION OF BRYANT.

NETHERWOOD AVENUE.

Now look again at Netherwood Avenue. Long may its borders remain unbroken by a grave! Let the wildwood reign, with its fantastic roots and velvet mosses! Let the thrush still nestle in the thicket; and the tall trees lift up their green palms into the sunlight, and wave their benedictions as of yore! Keep it sacred as a forest-walk! Fortunately, the soil is not suited for graves; and let only the falling leaves find them there! Such is the length, and so broad the sweep, of this pathway, as it curves into the distance, that it conveys an idea of unlimited extent. Whoever passes through, after it is completed and darkened by age, will be awed by the solemnity of its deep shadows, and, emerging suddenly into the brightness of the open ground, must be struck by the contrast. In a few years, it will be equal, as a drive, to that of any other cemetery in the country, and should not be overlooked by those who seek solitude or solace in such retreats. In its passage from Chapel Hill to the Tombs, the avenue almost touches "Cygnet Pond," which, imbosomed in the shade, feeds the fountains in a pond below; the name "cygnet" being derived from the swans here provided for a jet, where an arbor is soon to be erected. Lawns and springing flowers are always pleasing; but surely the forest depths are deepest felt.

WOOD AND LAWN.

Saw ye the soft and grassy bed
  Where flowerets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head;
  'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest.
Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb, —
  None but the dews by twilight given;
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom, —
  None but the whispering winds of heaven. MOORE.

My soul is growing sick. I will away,
And gather balm from a sweet forest-walk!
There, as the breezes through the branches sweep,
Is heard aerial minstrelsy, like harps
Untouched, unseen, that on the spirit's ear
Pour out their numbers till they hush to peace
The tumult of the bosom. There's a voice
Of music in the rustling of the leaves;
And the green boughs are hung with living lutes,
Whose strings will only vibrate to His hand
Who made them, while they sound his untaught praise.
The whole wildwood is one vast instrument
Of thousand thousand keys, and all its notes
Come in sweet harmony, while Nature plays
To celebrate the presence of her God. MISS H. F. GOULD.

THE FOREST-WALK.

How sweet to sit within the forest-shade,
When the soft wind among the tree-tops stirs;
And Nature has her box of pérfumes oped,
And scattered freely all its sweets for me!
Then time and space are nothing; and the soul,
Rapt in its own high musings, quite forgets
The world without, but in its own locked depths
Imprisons thoughts, that, could they but be breathed
In words or music, might entrance that world. . . .
But when the soul, full to o'erflowing, yearns
To pour its wild and struggling transports forth,
Were there no kindred ear in which to breathe
Its thoughts, 'twould die for want of utterance;
For language is the life-breath of the soul.
And so I turn me to myself again,
And the small flowers, that round me lift, as high
As their slight frames can bear, their incense-cups
To Him who placed them in the forest depths,
With sweet companions in the singing birds,
And gave them life beneath the mighty trees.
O God! 'tis in the bosom of the woods
The spirit mounts most freely up to thee.

N. G. Gould.

Passing north, from the Receiving-tombs by Forest Glade or Entrance Avenue again, the visitor comes unexpectedly upon the long vista of —

WOODSIDE AVENUE.

This is a lovely drive, bordered by oaks, elms, and maples, with rare shrubs and flowering plants, intermingled with evergreens and annuals. On the northerly side, twelve feet in width have been left for trees and plants; and various flower-beds have been arranged at the head and at its junctions, where the show of Flora, in her season, is always attractive. Gothic Avenue, which leaves Woodside by a gentle curve, is reserved for such structures, fences, and ornaments as are suited to that style; and even the trees are to be in keeping; so that eventually an arched Gothic passage-way may be formed, lined with proper emblems and accompaniments.

At the junction of Woodside and Gothic Avenues is the lot of Benjamin Farnum. Here stands a finely sculptured tablet of white marble, erected to the memory of his children, — representing winged cherubs, and severed rosebuds, with an ivy border, cut by Freedly.

Further on is the lot of Edward Pratt, with a tall, marble monument, bearing the inscription, —

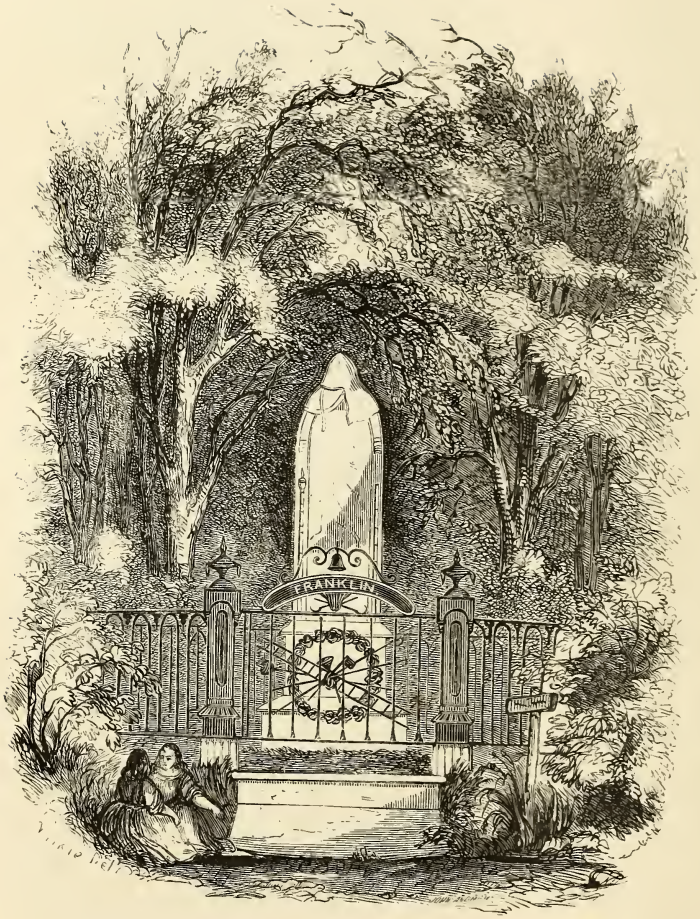
"One Household."

Several other neat lots and monuments will be observed on this avenue.

EDGEWOOD PATH,

Which is directly in the rear of Woodside, occupies higher ground, and will soon be finished through its entire length. All the lots on the southerly side have been graded with care; and the walk, when perfected, will be one of the finest in the Cemetery. The Woodside lots were among the first purchased after the organization of the Corporation; and to the efficient gentlemen from Charlestown, who met there in August, 1851, and selected them, Woodlawn is greatly indebted for its success. It also owes much to the energy and devotion of its president, who, without compensation or pecuniary interest, has made constant efforts for its advancement.

Following Woodside Avenue to its junction with Auburn Path, the observer will notice, on the right, the —



ESTEE AND ROULSTONE.

(Auburn Path.)

MONUMENT TO ESTEE AND ROULSTONE,

Erected by Franklin Engine Company No. 7, of Charlestown. It is a white marble tablet, about nine feet high, surmounted by a fireman's cap, with company initials, and with hose, conducting-pipe, &c., well sculptured, by Freedly. On the face of the stone is inscribed the following: —

GEORGE H. ESTEE

Died Aug. 16, 1853,
From injuries received at the burning of Tremont Temple, Boston,
March 31, 1852,
While faithfully and fearlessly discharging his duties as a fireman,
Aged 27 years.

WILLIAM W. ROULSTONE

Was killed at the fire in Brattle Square, Boston,
Aug. 15, 1845,
While manfully endeavoring to stay the progress of the flames.

"We live to rescue;
We die to save!"

On the base, the proprietors are named as follows: —

MEMBERS OF FRANKLIN ENGINE COMPANY No. 7,

CHARLESTOWN.

On the right of the monument is a headstone to Estee, representing a trumpet, with a scroll around it, bearing the inscription: —

> "In peril's hour, at duty's call he fell;
> And, while he lingered, angel ministries
> His spirit blest to its immortal rising."

On the left is a similar scroll to Roulstone, inscribed as follows: —

> "No labored epitaph could him more honor pay
> Than this, — 'In duty's strife his spirit passed away.'"

This lot was presented by the corporation; and the appropriate fence which encloses it, with the emblems of the fire-department, was designed, constructed, and presented by Messrs. Hittinger and Cook, of Charlestown, who were members of the same fire company.

The writer has often paused at this monument with unusual interest; regarding it not only as a tribute to departed worth and heroism, or as a remembrancer of a patience under suffering rarely equalled, but as a memento of the noble and generous qualities exhibited by the firemen generally, and by the members of this company in particular, to their unfortunate companions and their families. From the moment when Estee was taken from the ruins, to the hour of his burial, a period of

nearly seventeen months, they watched over him and provided for him with a steady and fraternal devotion which never slackened. Even the firemen of Boston, Cambridge, Charlestown, and Chelsea, insisted on contributing; and Moses Kimball, Esq., with great generosity, aided them in their efforts. When Estee and Roulstone were removed to Woodlawn, large numbers followed them to the grave. To the mother of Roulstone, who was more or less dependent on her son, they presented a liberal purse; and Engine Company No. 7 have deposited with the Cemetery Corporation a fund to keep this lot and all its structures in good order for ever.

Not far from this lot, on Sylvan Path, under the shade of large trees, in a private lot, repose the remains of John Smith, a member of the Boston Fire Department, who was killed at the Kingston-street fire, Boston, in February, 1852. His widow has expressed her gratitude to the firemen, and especially to Hydrant Company No. 2, for many kindnesses received, and for the means furnished to remove the remains of her husband and child into this quiet retreat.

The Warren Fire Company, of Charlestown, purchased a lot on Altona Avenue, near Auburn Path, for their comrade Andrew Jackson, and, after paying all funeral expenses, presented it to his family.

Such instances of true sympathy deserve some notice.

VIRTUE ALONE SURVIVES.

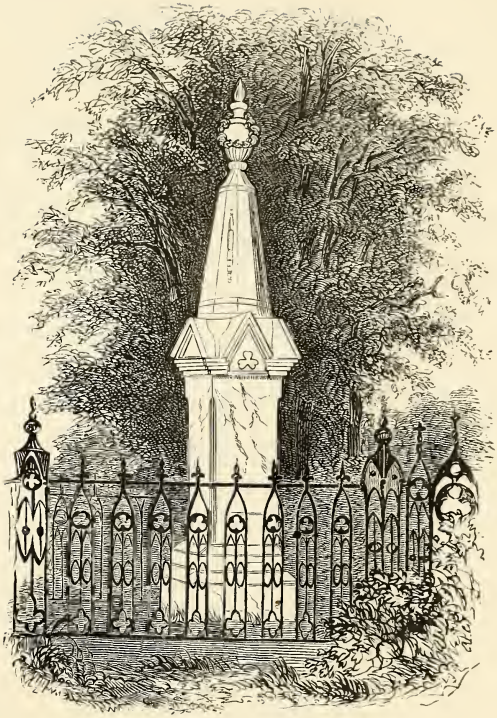
Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses, —
A box, where sweets compacted lie, —
My music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

HERBERT.



ADAMS MONUMENT.

(Auburn Path.)

CHESTER ADAMS, ESQ.

On the easterly side of the same path, and not far from the Arch, rest the remains of Chester Adams, Esq., of Charlestown, for many years the President of the Union Bank, of Boston. Faithful in all his relations, of unblemished character, and unambitious of honors, after a life of duty, in a good old age, he ceased from his labors, and sank to rest, universally respected. His son, the Hon. James Adams, late Mayor of Charlestown, is now, and has been from the outset, the President of the Woodlawn Cemetery Corporation ; and the large lot which embraces the monument represented by the engraving (one of the best in the ground) belongs jointly to them, and Doctor Jacob Hayes, a son-in-law of the deceased.

JOSIAH BACON.

On the opposite side of Auburn Path is the lot of Deacon Josiah Bacon, who was born in Boston, Jan. 1, 1786, and died in Chelsea, Oct. 3, 1852. He joined the army at the age of twenty-six, and was with Gen. Harrison in the battle of Tippecanoe. For several years he resided at Sandwich, where he engaged in the manu-

facture of glass, and represented that town in the Legislature for a number of sessions. From 1841 to the time of his lamented death, he was Steward of the United States Marine Hospital at Chelsea, — an office which he filled with advantage to the government, and honor to himself; to the delight of the sailors, whom he always loved; and to the entire satisfaction of the merchants. He was a gentleman of the old school, an officer of the Winissimmet Church from its organization, and a general favorite in the community. By his will, all his property was given to the Sailor's Snug Harbor, which noble charity he did much to originate. His excellent widow, loved and respected like himself, survived him only a few months; and thus in death, as in life, they were not long divided.

In this vicinity are many tasteful lots, bearing the names of BACON, MITCHELL, EATON, SMITH, DIX, PIGEON, POOL, ROGERS, &c; and Floral Avenue is bordered by fine enclosures, on which the names of COBB, CASWELL, CABAN, CALDWELL, PARKE, CASWELL, HARVEY, DARLING, WEST, and MAGOUN appear. On Woodside Avenue, a new monument has been lately erected, bearing the name of TAYLOR.

Here let the visitor pause a moment to view —

RUSTIC ARCH.

(Woodside Avenue.)

THE RUSTIC ARCH.

The erection of this rude trellis was almost a matter of necessity, to accommodate and protect the wild grape-vines which clustered over the trees through which the avenue passes. It has become, however, by the favor of the public, an object of much interest; and a view of it is therefore given. It is constructed from rough savins, and is about twenty feet wide, and twenty-five feet high. On the right it is flanked by a close arbor, which is often resorted to by the weary. On the left is a corresponding resting-place, out of which a narrow path (called "Wild-wood") leads into the grove. At the proper season, the perfume of the vine fills the place; while its green leaves and luxuriant growth, gracefully intwined around the cross which surmounts the arch, with side supports of living wood, give fine effect to the whole structure. On the front, beneath the cross, appears Christ's declaration, —

"I AM THE TRUE VINE."

On the other side, his ever-memorable admonition, —

"ABIDE IN ME."

Since He vouchsafes the way of life to show,
'Tis mine to follow on, but Him to know.

MISS H. F. GOULD.

Of what an easy, quick access,
My blessed Lord, art thou! How suddenly
May our requests thine ear invade!
. . . . . .
If I but lift mine eye, my suit is made."

HERBERT.

This arch marks the approach to a favorite location, —

CHAPEL HILL.

This is a beautiful swell of land, rising ten or twelve feet above the surrounding avenues, with banks sloped by nature, and extending many hundred feet in a curve almost uniform. Upon this table-land an avenue has been constructed, in such a manner as to leave an oval of one hundred and fifty feet in length, which is reserved for the chapel site. A background has been thickly planted, and a front avenue opened toward the west, of the most ample dimensions. A better location than this could not be desired. It is nearly in the centre of the Cemetery, and presents from its surface fine views of headlands and meadows, and the towns and spires of Malden and of Lynn. In the rear of the chapel, Greenlawn Avenue will sweep majestically, nearly half a mile, towards the gate. The effect of such vast curves, when thickly planted, cannot be doubtful.

On Chapel Avenue, from its junction with Holyrood, to Woodside and the Chapel Entrance, are several monuments and objects of interest. The lots of BROWN, PITMAN, FORRISTALL, BAKER, HITTENGER, HALL, and SANBORN, are all worthy of notice.

Near the junction with Floral Avenue, under the shadow of an oak, will be seen a modest marble, bearing the inscription, —

HELEN A. & HARRIET G.,

TWIN CHILDREN OF SYLVENDER AND HARRIET FORRISTALL,

Died Aug. 13, 1849, aged 4 years 2 months.

Born the same hour, they became fatally ill on the same day, and died within a few moments of each other, aged as above. What a communion of spirits must have been theirs!

"Sister, stay! Though angels keep me,
Longer yet your sands may run."

"Sister, nay! Together sleep we,
As together we have done."

On the opposite side of Chapel Avenue, near the point of the triangle, is another specimen of the wonderful ginko-tree. Moving on towards Chapel Entrance, the visitor will observe a monument, in the form of a small sarcophagus, known as the —

HALL MONUMENT.

"And the Lord answered, and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it." — HAB. ii. 2.

The inscriptions in this lot speak as follows : —

ELLETTA JANE SNOW,

DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM C. AND EMELINE HALL,

Died at sea, April 14, 1852,
(Off Acapulco, Mexico,)
Aged 4 years 2 months.

" Beautiful and lovely she was, but given
A fair bud to earth, to blossom in heaven."

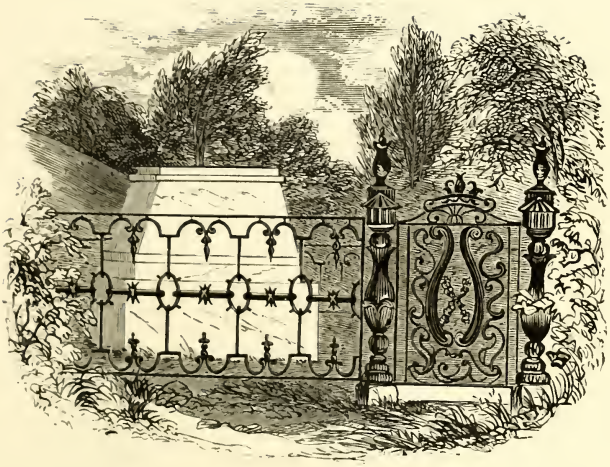
EMELINE, WIFE OF WILLIAM C. HALL,

Died at San Francisco, Cal.,
May 24, 1854, aged 41 yrs.

" Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

WILLIAM C. HALL

Died in San Francisco, Jan. 31, 1855,
The last of his little family;
Having first caused this monument, with the above inscriptions,
to be erected.



THE HALL MONUMENT.

(Woodside Avenue.)

Friend after friend departs :
Who has not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That has not here an end. — MONTGOMERY.

In this connection another family may be mentioned, which exhibits forcibly the uncertainty of life : —

June 26, 1854, JOHN M. CURRIER, aged 20, died of fever ;
July 19, 1854, LAURETTA, his sister, aged 23, died of consumption ;
Aug. 7, 1854, ANNA S., the mother, died ; and, —
Sept. 9, 1854, ANNA CURRIER, her daughter, also of fever.

All are sleeping in a lot presented to the son by his employer, NOAH STURTIVANT, Esq.

A little nearer to the Chapel Entrance is the —

LOT OF MR. JOHN SANBORN.

There is nothing here to strike the eye of the stranger ; but a touching incident connected with two of its tenants deserves a remark.

In November, 1853, JETHRO RAND SANBORN, a promising lad of twelve years, was killed by an accident. This so grieved his little cousin, PERCY G. CLARK, aged about four years, that he refused all nourishment, and sat for hours alone in the places where they had played together, and finally, on the sixth day of January following, died of a broken heart. Here now the two young friends sleep peacefully together.

THE SEED MUST DIE.

The seed must die before the corn appears
Out of the ground in blade and fruitful ears;
Low must those ears by sickles' edge be lain,
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed before the bread is made,
And the bread broke ere life to man conveyed.
Oh! be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed, and to be broken so,
If thou upon God's table may be bread,
Life-giving food, to souls an hungerèd.

TRENCH.

THE DEWDROP.

A dewdrop, falling on the wild sea wave,
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave!"
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew,
And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared to die;
Until again, "I perish quite!" it said,
Torn by rude divers from its ocean bed.
O unbelieving! so it came to gleam,
Chief jewel, in a monarch's diadem.

TRENCH.

TEARS.

The rose, which in the sun's bright rays
  Might soon have drooped and perished,
With grateful scent the shower repays
  By which its life is cherished.

And thus have e'en the young in years
  Found flowers *within* that flourish,
And yield a fragrance, fed by tears,
  That sunshine could not nourish.

BERNARD BARTON.

IS THERE NO RESTING-PLACE?

"Tell me, my secret soul,
  Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
  From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot,
  Where mortals may be blest;
Where grief may find a balm,
  And weariness a rest?"
Faith, Hope, and Love (best boons to mortals given)
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes, in heaven!"

HEAVEN.

Oh! heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future, which stretches on
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle on a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones, who are called away,
Must go to return no more.

. . . . . .

I know, when the silver chord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be
To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Will open the next in bliss:
The welcome will sound in a heavenly world,
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost;
And those smiling faces will greet us then
Which on earth we valued most.

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

CAMPBELL.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Flowers, that bloom to wither fast;
Light, whose beams are soon o'ercast;
Friendship, warm, but not to last; —
Such by earth are given.

Seek the flowers that ne'er shall fade;
Find the light no cloud can shade;
Win the friend who ne'er betrayed; —
These are found in heaven.

MISS H. F. GOULD.

LOT OF JOHN M. BROWN.

The richly bronzed fence on Greenbank Avenue, which attracts the eye to the northerly side of the Chapel Entrance, encloses the lot of John M. Brown, of Charlestown, and is one of the finest structures of the kind in this vicinity. Mr. Brown, with great liberality, has also purchased the adjoining lot, which he reserves for planting and ornament. The trustees are under obligations to him for the admirable manner in which he has treated the spot, and for his general interest in the Cemetery.

Near the above, on the same avenue, is the lot of —

THE FIRST-BAPTIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

This lot is pleasantly located, and well graded and fenced. In its centre stands a marble obelisk, inscribed as follows: —

This Monument

IS ERECTED BY THE FIRST-BAPTIST CHURCH, BOSTON,

IN MEMORY OF

REV. SAMUEL STILLMAN, D.D.,

Former Pastor of the Church,

Who died March 12, 1807, aged 70 years,

After a faithful ministry of 42 years.

"Though dead, he yet speaketh."

WHY MOURN YE?

Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled, —
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky, —
In the soft evening when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm colored heaven and ruddy mountain-head.

Why weep ye, then, for him, who, having run
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed,
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun is set?

BRYANT.

"In holy sleep the sainted father lies:
Oh! say not that the good man ever dies."

Life is real, life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal:
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul. LONGFELLOW.

SIMON G. SHIPLEY.

Nearly opposite the lot of the First Baptist Church, of Boston, is that of SIMON G. SHIPLEY, who was for many years a deacon of that church. Born in Pepperell, Mass., in 1798, he came to Boston, in 1815, to seek his fortune, and commenced his apprenticeship by resolving to serve one Master, — even God. He was a guileless and devoted Christian, a good friend and counsellor, — having an open ear, a willing heart, and a ready hand. Dignified without pretence, benevolent without ostentation, he delighted to serve the cause of the poor and suffering. For several years, he was a Director of the Howard Benevolent Society, and one of the Executive Committee of the American Baptist Missionary Union; and, from the outset, was a Director of the Society for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Females. His character was not unappreciated; and he was repeatedly elected to offices of trust, — serving at different times on School Committees, in the Common Council, and as an Alderman of the city of his adoption. He died, in Charlestown, much regretted.

SIMON G. SHIPLEY.

(Greenbank Avenue.)

LOT OF THOMAS DITSON,

ORIOLE AVENUE.

In this lot repose two of his children. Their graves are marked by a marble scroll, with morning-glories, and two lambs at its base, as in the engraving.

Let them die,
Let them die now, thy children! so thy heart
Shall wear their beautiful image, all undimmed,
Within it to the last. MRS. HEMANS.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
They sparkled, were exhaled, and went to heaven.
YOUNG.

STAY, WEEPING MOTHER.

Stay, weeping mother! gaze upon thy child,
Rapt in a dreamless sleep, serenely mild:
The tearless lashes shade the fair young cheek;
The loving lips no troubled murmurs speak;
For all is peace.

The pale, calm brow is yet unmarked by care;
The canker-grief hath left no signet there;
The little hands are folded on the breast,
As though 'mid prayerful thoughts it sank to rest,
In perfect peace.

The chiselled limbs repose in placid grace;
A seraph-smile is lingering on the face,
Telling of rapture, when the angel's kiss
Drew the freed spirit to yon realm of bliss, —
The home of peace.

Now, with the eye of Faith, behold in heaven
The sainted child from earthly bondage riven:
With pure delight, it spreads its cherub wings,
And, waving victor-palms, exulting sings
The song of peace.

Therefore, sad mother, meekly bow thy head,
And, kneeling low beside the cherished dead,
Ceaseless thank God, that, free from life's alarms,
Thy child, safe cradled in its Saviour's arms,
Hath found sure peace.

Mrs. A. F. Law.

Not far from Chapel Hill, on Savin Avenue, is a large lot of nine hundred square feet, belonging to the —

BALDWIN-PLACE CHURCH, BOSTON.

It is enclosed by a substantial fence; and now holds the remains of the Rev. Dr. Levi Tucker, late pastor of that church, and also those of his lamented wife. He was a man much beloved and respected. At the consecration of these grounds, he made the closing prayer, being in feeble health, and, in a feeling manner, alluded to the probability that ere long his own bed would be made here. By the liberality of his parish, he was enabled to travel abroad, in the hope of re-establishing his health; but he returned only to experience anew the affection of his people and the kindness of his friends, and then to fall asleep. He was removed to Woodlawn from Cincinnatus, N.Y., where he died.

The First Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston, and some societies, have lots in this vicinity; among them, the Bay State Lodge of G. U. O. O. F.

The Mount-Tabor Masonic Lodge, of East Boston, have a fine lot of twelve hundred square feet, in a half-circle, at the junction of Evergreen and Carolwood Avenues, wherein two persons have already been interred.

As we pass down Greenbank Avenue, near the top of the hill, on the right, is the lot of the Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, where, by the side of his sister, rest the remains of "Little Jamie," whose interesting biography has been presented to the public in a book prepared by his mother. He died at the age of nine years two months.

A little further down this avenue is the —

CENTRAL-SQUARE BAPTIST-CHURCH LOT, E. B.

This contains fifteen hundred square feet of land, and is a perfect circle, within a triangle formed by the junctions of Greenbank, Choral, and Carolwood Avenues. It rises five or six feet in the centre, swelling beautifully on all sides, and is one of the most conspicuous spots in the Cemetery. Here repose the remains of the —

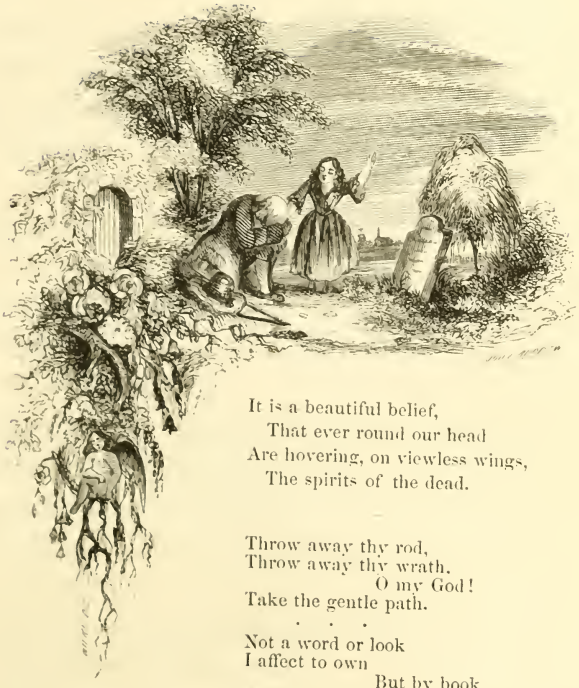
REV. HIRAM ATWILL GRAVES,

Son of the Rev. Joseph M. Graves, who died much lamented and extensively known. He was born in Wendell, Mass., April 14, 1813; graduated at Middlebury, Vt., at the age of twenty years; was settled in Springfield, in 1836, as pastor of the First Baptist Church in that place, where he remained four years, greatly beloved by the community. In 1839, he removed to Lynn, and took charge of the First Baptist Church of that city. In 1841, finding that repeated attacks of the asthma had worn upon his health and spirits, he took the editorial charge of the "Christian Reflector," which was removed from Worcester to Boston, and became distinguished for his broad views and conservative tendencies. In 1843, anxious to see a church of his own denomination gathered at East Boston, he preached there regularly, and laid the foundation of the Central-Square Baptist Society, now so flourishing under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Sykes. In 1844, sickness drove him from his field of labor to Southern climes and other lands. He returned with health apparently improved, but soon sought his father's house, in Bristol, R.I., and there peacefully expired, on the 3d of October, 1850, full of bright hopes, and with a heavenly trust which never failed him. At the request of friends, his body was removed to Woodlawn, where,

with religious ceremonies, it was deposited, with the intention of having a suitable monument erected to his memory. It is hoped that this expectation will not be disappointed.

Here, too, reposes Mary Hinman Graves, wife of the Rev. Hiram A. Graves, and daughter of Scovill Hinman, Esq., of New Haven, — a companion worthy of such a man. Cheerful and courageous, kind and considerate, she was greatly esteemed. Married in 1836, she died in North Adams, April 8, 1856; being the last but one of a family of twelve children.

The writer cannot take leave of this spot without alluding to another of its choice tenants, — Mrs. Caroline S. Sykes, wife of the Rev. James N. Sykes, and daughter of James Anthony, Esq., of Providence, R.I. Distinguished for high mental culture, and refinement of manners, her purity of life and sweetness of temper made her universally respected; and her quick discernment and sound judgment guided her, amidst difficulties and trials, to the esteem of all around her. In April, 1854, she was deprived by death of her oldest son, a child of much promise. In September, 1855, her youngest also was suddenly taken from her. By these successive blows her sensitive nature was prostrated; and, after the severest suffering, she calmly expired, Dec. 28, 1855, her death being regarded as a great public loss.



It is a beautiful belief,
  That ever round our head
Are hovering, on viewless wings,
  The spirits of the dead.

Throw away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath.
  O my God!
Take the gentle path.
  . . .
Not a word or look
I affect to own
  But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep;
Though I halt in pace,
  Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

HERBERT.

THE REAPER.

There is a reaper, whose name is Death;
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair," saith he, —
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes;
He kissed their drooping leaves:
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The reaper said, and smiled:
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They all shall bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,

And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love:
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh! not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day:
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.

"E'en for the dead
I will not bind my soul to grief:
Death cannot long divide.
For is it not as if the rose
That climbed my garden wall
Had bloomed the other side?"

Before we leave the present part of the ground, let us turn into Evergreen Avenue. Here, in a lot near a large savin-tree, is the grave of—

THE FIRST TENANT OF WOODLAWN.

He was placed in these grounds on the evening next preceding the consecration. A neat marble monument marks the spot, giving the facts: —

AUGUSTUS F. BOWEN
Died June 30, 1851, aged 31 years 10 months.
First tenant of Woodlawn.

On this avenue, near the above, is a scroll of marble, finely sculptured, inscribed with the simple word "MOTHER." The back of the stone shows, however, that it was erected to the memory of Mrs. BROWN, wife of Mr. J. Brown. Nearly opposite, on Evergreen Avenue, is —

THE MARINERS' LOT.

This belongs to the BOSTON BAPTIST BETHEL SOCIETY. It is a parallelogram, of twenty-four hundred square feet, extending through to Chessom Avenue, and capable of high embellishment. It was procured through the zealous efforts of the devoted minister of that society, the Rev. Phineas Stow, who has spared no pains to secure for the mariner a proper resting-place at last. The original plan was to erect in the centre of the lot a suitable monu-

ment, and to provide a fund for the care of the ground, and for the burial of sailors therein; but this has been relinquished or postponed until the benevolent shall supply the necessary means. The remains of forty-four persons have been buried in this lot.

See the haven full in view!
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

ANON.

Life! thou art the storm, the rock;
Death! the friendly port thou art;
Haven! from the tempest's shock
Welcoming the wandering heart.

Yes, I see from yonder tomb
Promised peace and tranquil rest:
Death, my haven! I shall come;
Soothe me on my mother's breast.

BOWRING'S TRANSLATION OF RUSSIAN POETRY.

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
Look aloft, and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

. . . . . .

Should the visions which Hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
Look aloft to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they that are dearest — the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom — in sorrow depart,
Look aloft, from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And, oh! when Death comes in terror to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, *look aloft*, and depart.

J. Lawrence, Jr.

Although we are now near central localities, yet here is —

THE FIELD OF EPHRON.

This has been set apart for single graves for adults. On the right of Evergreen Avenue, surrounded by an evergreen hedge, and tastefully laid out in a crescent form, this common ground has been provided for a great family of the afflicted. It derives its name from the words of the dying Jacob, who said, "I am to be gathered unto my people: bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with THE FIELD OF EPHRON the Hittite, for a possession of a burying-place. There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."

Virtue, on herself relying,
Every passion hushed to rest,
Loses every pain of dying
In the hope of being blest.

GOLDSMITH.

Within this great enclosure, and surrounded by Nestling Path, with a hedge border of arbor-vitæ, is —

THE GARDEN OF EVERGREENS.

Household angels here repose:
Hopes and joys of earth, adieu!
Now your brightness doth disclose
Heavenly glories to our view.

Here is the bed for little children under five years of age. It is extremely neat; and the surprise and satisfaction expressed by mourners, who have felt obliged by circumstances to speak for a grave in the "Public Lot," which they had never seen, has oftentimes been great. Many a mother has left her loved one here, with the feeling of assurance, that, where such care was manifested before the sacred dust was deposited within it, there could be afterwards no neglect.

Sleep, little cherub! on the breast
Of the green hillock take thy rest.
The wintry snow, the dropping rain,
Shall dash above thy head in vain;
The beaded hail, the cutting sleet,
Unheeded o'er thy head shall beat;
The spring-buds o'er thee will renew
Their blooming sweets and vernal hue;
And honeyed flowers shall o'er thee spring,
And birds their dulcet measures sing.

I. McLellan.

A mother has often been seen at the grave of her children, absorbed in private meditation, and tending sweet flowers which have been watered by her tears. To the observer, she speaketh, —

Lovelier flowers beneath are laid;
Sweeter buds than these are there:
Where a mother oft hath prayed,
For that mother breathe a prayer.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

"Take the bright shell
From its home far and free;
And, wherever it goes,
It will sing of the sea.

So take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth:
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth."

"A little while they dwell with us,
Blest ministers of love;
Then spread the wings we had not seen,
And seek their home above."

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

. . . . . .

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide, an evening guest;
But joy shall come with morning light.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

BRYANT.

REFLECTIONS.

"Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?"

God takes the beautiful, the best;
They are but lent, not given:
He sets "his jewels" on his breast,
That they may shine in heaven.

Our God is all we boast below,—
To him we turn our eyes;
And every added weight of woe
Shall make our homage rise.

And though no temple richly dressed,
Nor sacrifice, is here,
We'll make his temple in our breast,
And offer up a tear. GOLDSMITH.

A bruisèd reed He will not break;
But hearts that bow before him
Shall own his mercy while they ache,
And gratefully adore him. BARTON.

NETHERWOOD POND.

(From the East.)

We pass now down Greenbank Avenue, and turn to —

NETHERWOOD POND.

This, though wholly artificial, is the gem of the grounds. Overarched by tall oaks, walnuts, elms, and maples, on three of its sides, and open to the east, its five sparkling fountains, playing in the sunlight, make the whole surface alive with their excitement, and give to the scene a magical effect. There are seats in the shade, on the south, near Fountain Path; and a new arbor is to be erected, during the present season, at the avenue on the east, where one of the finest views may be presented. The hill, covered with savins, above Lakeside Avenue, the swell north of Ravine Avenue, and the charming knoll which overlooks the fountains from the north, all tend to increase the beauty of the place, and, when improved by rock-work and plantings, will give additional charms.

Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men.
. . . . . The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm; and the sweet breeze,
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. BRYANT.

The fountain, leaping from its hidden vein,
Shall make thy dead hopes spring to life again.

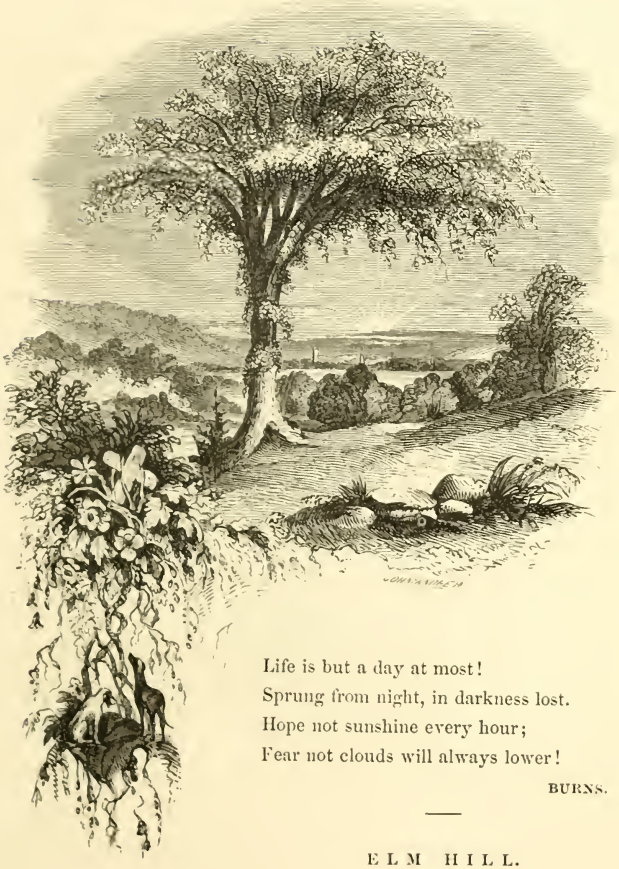
No avenues yet penetrate the fields which surround —

ELM HILL.

The venerable elm, standing alone on the eminence in the westerly part of Woodlawn, with the truthful likeness of it now presented by Mr. Wilkie, cannot fail to determine this locality. From this spot, and from the higher ground beyond, the views are remarkable for their beauty, grandeur, and extent. It is expected that a rustic observatory will soon be erected, to serve the double purpose of a rest and a stand-point. The Malden Heights exhibit here all their majesty, and, with the autumn tints, give a glowing warmth to the scenery around. The contrast, too, looking from their high and broken surfaces to the still, low, far-reaching meadows, that run into the very heart of Lynn, is always striking; and turning towards the west, where, in repose, rest the villages, with their church-spires and bright dwellings, and the wide farming fields, with their grazing kine, the mind becomes rapt in contemplation, and memory recalls the touching beauties of Gray's "Elegy."

The view given by Mr. Wilkie is of a little scene directly west of the elm, and adjoining Woodlawn.

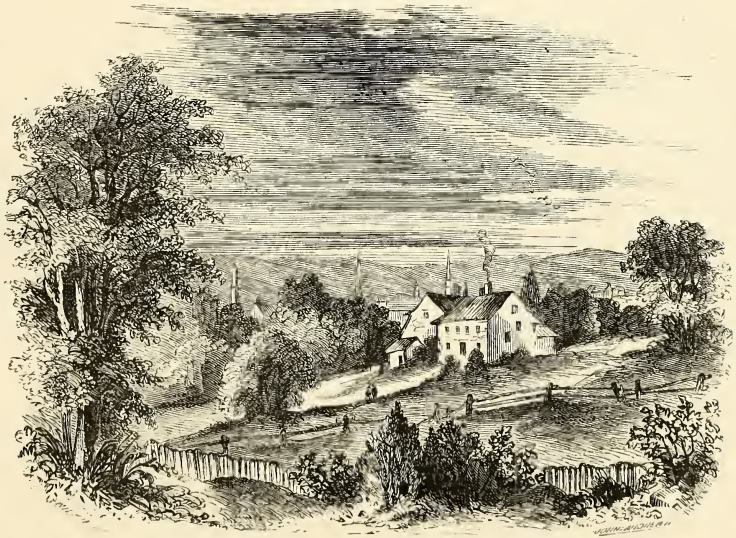
The lover of natural scenery will perceive, that, by reserving this part of the Cemetery for future use, there will remain attractions not exhausted.



Life is but a day at most!
Sprung from night, in darkness lost.
Hope not sunshine every hour;
Fear not clouds will always lower!

BURNS.

ELM HILL.



WEST OF ELM HILL.

(Near View.)

PEACE.

At length I met a reverend, good old man;
Whom when for peace
I did demand, he thus began: —
"There was a prince of old
In Salem dwelt, who lived with great increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived: yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes;
But, after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat,
Which many, wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth;
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtue lies therein,
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it; and that repose

And peace which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue
Is only there." GEO. HERBERT.

HOPE AND THE ROSE.

"Who shall die first?" whispered Hope to the Rose;
"Who shall sink earlier into the grave, —
I by my fleetness, or thou by thy sweetness?
Which of the two is the future to save, —
I by betraying, or thou by decaying?
Who shall sleep first in eternal repose?
Soon shall we sever, or live we for ever?
Who shall die first?" whispered Hope to the Rose;
"Who shall die first?" whispered Hope to the Rose.

"I," said the flower; "though sweet is my blooming,
Soon will my loveliness wither and die:
Lives that are sweetest are ever the fleetest;
Hours most happy, most rapidly fly.
But Hope dieth never; it liveth for ever;
Enchantment around the young bosom it throws;
In smiling or weeping, Hope never is sleeping:
I shall die first," said the beautiful Rose;
"I shall die first," said the beautiful Rose.

NEW-ORLEANS PICAYUNE.

LIFE.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or to the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan ; —
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life or death.
The grass decays, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death ; — man's life is done.
Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like a shuttle in the hand,
Or like the writing in the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream ; —
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life or death.
The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides ; — man's life is done. WASTELL.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

I'm bound to the house of my Father:
Oh! draw not my feet from the way,
Nor stop these wild flowers to gather;
They droop at my touch, and decay.
I think of the flowers that are blooming
In beauty unfading above,
The wings of kind angels perfuming,
Who fly down on errands of love.

Of earth's shallow water the drinking
Is powerless my thirst to allay;
Their taste is of tears, while we're sinking
Beside them where quicksands betray.
I long for the *Fount ever-living*,
That flows by my Father's own door,
With waters so sweet and life-giving,
To drink and to thirst evermore.

Miss H. F. Gould.

The praise of those who sleep in earth,
The pleasant memory of their worth,
The hope to meet when life is past,
Shall heal the tortured mind at last. Bryant.

NETHERWOOD POND.

(From the South.)

Other portions of Woodlawn deserve particular mention; among them, Savin, Oriole, Carolwood, Greenlawn, Bloomingside, Hillside, and Altona Avenues, and the fine forest-grove known as CAROLWOOD, —

> "Where birds do carol forth their Maker's praise,
> And sing a requiem to the silent dead."

But these are left to a future time, when their beauty and importance will be more fully developed and appreciated.

After the completion and extension of Netherwood Avenue, the visitor, desiring a retired drive, can take that route, and, passing through Glen, Greenbank, Carolwood, and Hillside Avenues, and around the Tower, reach the gate, by Mount-Moriah Avenue; making a circuit of nearly three miles, which will soon be pleasantly shaded. In fact, all the outer borders of the grounds have been thickly planted, where necessary, with shrubs and ornamental trees, now starting into vigorous growth. The boundaries will thus be well concealed and enlivened by a variety which will make —

> "The grave a place of beauty and of flowers."

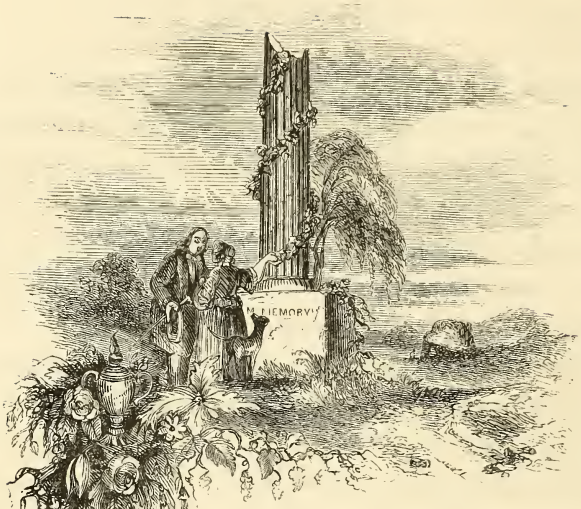
A conservatory will, it is hoped, at some future time be constructed in the vicinity of the Tower.

THE FUTURE.

To insure the protection of the Cemetery, and to provide for its expenses, embellishment, and care, *one-fifth part, at least, of all the proceeds of sales of lots therein,* is to be reserved or appropriated for that purpose. This is a fundamental article of the corporation, whereby an ample sum will eventually be accumulated.

Plans for extensive rock-work, rustic-work, and plantings, have been formed, and a green-house has been proposed, and is much needed, for the propagation, preservation, and forwarding of the flowers, so that they might early adorn the borders: but the Trustees have never permitted the corporation to be in debt, all labor being paid for weekly; and they feel constrained to defer many most desirable improvements until the liberality and patronage of the public shall provide the means for their execution.

Whatever has been hitherto done has been thoroughly done. The paths and avenues are generally of stone, oftentimes several feet in depth, with drains beneath, and of such ample dimensions, that the expansion of trees and shrubs along their sides will only add to their effect, without lessening their convenience. It would hardly be possible to construct better ways; nor is there any thing in the mode of grading the lots or borders which imposes



We cannot tell the ways of love
  Our angel-watchers know,
To turn our thoughts to light above
  From passing shades below.

MISS GOULD.

Life treads on life, and heart on heart;
We press too close in church and mart
To keep a dream or grave apart!

MISS BARRETT.

an undue burden upon the future. The landscape is not marred by steep earth-banks or steps, to slide off and keep hands busy with repairs; nor will the rains or frost remove turf or stone from their proper places. The grading of nature has been as little departed from as circumstances would permit. The soil, being rich, will seldom require to be renewed; and its treatment by the skilful Superintendent has been in the manner most approved. To make the rough places smooth, to convert pastures into lawns, and sunlight into shadow; to lift up strong branches from the shrubs by the wayside, and bid flowers, like fairy birds, light upon the twigs, — is an easy task, but one of time. The corporation of Woodlawn have already conquered the most difficult and expensive passes in their domain; and, in the future, the work must be lighter than it has been in the past.

CARE OF LOTS.

Purchasers of lots acquire not merely a right of burial, but become the owners of the soil, in fee; subject only to such conditions and provisions as are for the common good. They become the managers and voters of the corporation, every owner of three hundred square feet being a voter therein. The corporation take the care of their own

buildings, avenues, paths, and fixtures, and have the superintendence and custody of all the grounds, and will see that the common property is maintained in order, and that a sure protection is afforded to the humblest lot; but, as in Mount Auburn and Forest Hills, they do not engage to take the especial care of a lot without a further consideration than is paid for the ground.

Any person desiring to have his lot ornamented, and always kept in repair, can secure this end by depositing with the Trustees a sum sufficient for the purpose, to be held by them and their successors in *trust* for ever.

Or, if so disposed, he may in his last will provide that such a sum shall be so deposited at his decease, and thus avoid the possibility of neglect. Forms of such trusts can be had of the Treasurer.

If only the temporary or annual care of the lot is desired, the corporation will assume it for a small compensation, depending upon the size of the lot, and the care and ornament expected; and this matter will be determined ordinarily by the Superintendent, on application to him.

Trees, plants, shrubs, and flowers, of the best varieties, will be supplied from the Nursery, when wanted, at the most reasonable rates; and two or three dollars per annum will keep a lot in creditable order, so far as relates to the ground. When fences and structures are to be provided for, a larger sum will be required.

LOTS ARE NOT SUBJECT TO ASSESSMENT OR TAXES.

Proprietors are not compelled to pay for work or care not ordered; it being presumed that they will generally give such directions as will prevent their lots from becoming unsightly in the landscape. Nor can any lot be taxed or taken for debt on execution. The property of the corporation is also exempted from taxation; and their deeds, by law, need not be recorded, excepting in the books of this corporation.

LOTS ARE INDIVISIBLE.

By the statutes of this Commonwealth, and by the terms of the deeds, lots are declared to be indivisible. They may be sold at pleasure, but not subdivided; neither can a proprietor sell graves, or permit an interment in his lot for hire, — the same not being deemed a fit matter for speculation.

All lots are numbered as they are sold, the location not affecting the numbers. It therefore frequently happens that adjoining lots bear numbers differing widely from each other. Proprietors of less than three hundred square feet are not entitled to vote in the corporation.

HOW TO PROCURE A LOT.

Plans will convey no idea of the value or situation of the lots. The only proper mode of selecting them is by a personal inspection of the ground. Mr. Cruickshanks, the very faithful and obliging Superintendent, is seldom absent, and is at all times happy to give his aid and attention. He has all the prices furnished to him; and they do not vary during the season. His advice is valuable in regard to such matters. By a direct application to him, much time will be saved. Now that some choice PATHS — like Edgewood, Sylvan, Linnet, and Silver Bell — are opened, purchasers will have the opportunity of taking lots near a public drive, but sufficiently retired to insure tranquillity. After the Cemetery shall become more frequented, this consideration may not be lightly regarded.

FENCING.

Few persons are aware how slight is the difference between the cost of fencing a large lot and that of fencing a small one. All lots have one foot allowed on every side to receive the fence. An ordinary lot, of three hundred square feet (fifteen feet by twenty), requires *seventy-two* feet of fencing; a lot of six hundred square feet

(thirty feet by twenty) requires only *one hundred and two* feet; and one of nine hundred square feet (forty-five feet by twenty) requires only *one hundred and thirty-two* feet to enclose it. A great gain in this particular is therefore made by friends uniting and fencing two or three lots together. In such a case, each lot is conveyed separately, and has its distinct gate and number, being only enclosed with others. But this should be done only between well-known friends; for the same enclosure should be ruled by the same taste and treatment. If one desires to paint his fence green, another bronze, and the third black; or if one embellishes his lot, and another will not plant or mow; or if one sets up a graceful scroll or monument, and another uncouth slabs; or if one will have forget-me-nots and delicately tinted tulips, and another rue and wormwood, — the whole will present an incongruous and unsightly expression, painful to a man of sensibility or taste.

Whatever fence is selected, see that it has strength, especially at the base; for many of the light patterns are not sufficiently durable to be recommended. What is designed for all time and weather should be strongly constructed. A little extra expense at the outset is most economical in the end; and all guards around a grave should suggest the idea of firmness and endurance.

MONUMENTS AND MARKERS.

Too much cannot be said against the habit of erecting slabs in a rural cemetery. They are always a blemish, and should be entirely prohibited, or limited to two or three feet in height. They are not now allowed without sockets. In the Field of Ephron and the Garden of Evergreens, no slabs rising more than twenty inches will be permitted. It is recommended to all proprietors, that the markers and ordinary headstones in their lots be raised as little as possible above the ground. It is better to leave the green turf unbroken, than to intercept it by bald surfaces of thin marble. A single monument, large or small, costly or cheap, may be pleasing to the eye, — its effect depending much upon fitness of design, neatness of execution, and the open space around it; but a crowd of tall stones in a common lot only defaces and contracts the view. More money is sometimes so expended than would procure a graceful monument and solid markers, if rightly directed. To give an appearance of breadth and beauty, there should be few glaring objects to arrest the eye and limit the scene. One piece of superior work, however modest, is more agreeable than a multitude of ill-contrived and high-reaching memorials. A green lawn, well enclosed, is of itself admirable.

TOMBS AND VAULTS.

No tomb or vault can be constructed in the Cemetery, without special permission of the Trustees. If such should be desired, Woodlawn abounds in sites and soil most suitable for the purpose; and, under proper restrictions, they may be allowed, though not encouraged.

INTERMENTS.

The whole number of interments, to June 1, 1856, is nine hundred and forty-eight.

A full record is made, in the books of the corporation, of the name and age of the deceased; the time, place, and cause of death; the day of the burial; and the depth and position of the grave. All funerals are attended in the grounds by the Superintendent, or his Assistant.

Whenever a grave is to be prepared, notice should be given to the Superintendent six hours, at least, before the interment. For many reasons, the same notice is desirable when the deposit is to be made in the Receiving-tombs; to which persons who have died of contagious diseases are not considered admissible, as the health of visitors might thereby be endangered.

If the use of the Receiving-tombs is desired by one who is not a proprietor, it can be had by depositing with the Treasurer or Superintendent the sum of ten dollars; nine dollars of which will be allowed on the purchase of a lot. But, to prevent an abuse of this privilege by persons not intending to become proprietors, no part of the deposit-money will be returned in case of a removal to any other cemetery.

COMMUNICATIONS WITH WOODLAWN.

LETTERS FOR WOODLAWN.

Every evening, at seven o'clock, a special messenger visits the Post-office in CHELSEA, and takes all communications then found in the box of the Superintendent. These he conveys, at six o'clock the next morning, to Woodlawn; so that a letter in the Superintendent's box (and not merely dropped into the Post-office) will thus reach the Cemetery early in the forenoon.

If the attention of the Postmaster is called to it, he will very kindly place a letter in the proper box; but, to insure a speedy delivery, it must be there before seven o'clock, P.M.

VIEW OF GATE-HOUSE.

(From the Rock Tower.)

THE OMNIBUS.

On every fair day in the summer months (Sundays excepted), an omnibus will leave Winissimmet Square, CHELSEA, at *half-past* two o'clock, P.M., for Woodlawn. Mr. Farnum's Chelsea coach, which leaves BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON, *at two o'clock*, connects with this omnibus, and forms thereby a line from Boston to the Cemetery; and, returning, leaves Woodlawn at five o'clock, P.M.

THE BRIDGES.

The tolls now exacted on the Charlestown and Malden Bridges are only temporary, for the purpose of making them public, and providing a fund for repairs. Those on the Chelsea Bridge will probably be removed in a few years by some similar arrangement.

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

The Superintendent is usually to be found at the Cemetery; but every SATURDAY, *between twelve and one o'clock*, he will be at the Treasurer's office, Parkman House, Bowdoin Square, Boston; where the records, bills, and books of the corporation are kept, and where information may at all times be obtained.

PRICES.

As the prices for lots vary in different parts of the ground, and are liable to change from year to year, it is not thought advisable to name them in this book, which may last for several seasons. At present, they are much lower than in Mount Auburn or Forest Hills.

The charges for SINGLE GRAVES are as follows : —

For a person over eight years of age	$7.00
For a child under three years of age	5.50
For a child over three, and under eight, years of age	6.50

These prices *do not include* the opening and closing of the grave.

The charges for opening and closing graves are as follows : —

For a person over eight years of age	$2.00
For a person under eight years of age	1.50

If the coffin is enclosed in a box, one dollar extra for an adult, and fifty cents extra for a child, will be charged.

For a deposit by a proprietor in Receiving-tombs .	$1.00
For a deposit by a person not a proprietor . . .	10.00

Such deposit being only for a limited time.

AVENUES.

ALTONA	from	Gothic Avenue	to	Woodside Avenue.
BEECHWOOD	„	Woodside Avenue	„	Netherwood Avenue.
BLOOMINGSIDE. . . .	„	Chapel Avenue	„	Greenlawn Avenue.
CAROLWOOD	„	Highland Avenue	„	Greenbank Avenue.
CHAPEL	„	Entrance Avenue	„	Woodside Avenue.
CHESSOM.	„	Oriole Avenue	„	Carolwood Avenue.
CHORAL	„	Greenbank Avenue	„	Carolwood Avenue.
CORDATE.	„	Greenbank Avenue	„	Carolwood Avenue.
CYGNET	„	Chapel Hill	„	Netherwood Avenue.
CYPRESS	„	Greenbank Avenue	„	Savin Avenue.
ENTRANCE	„	Gatehouse	„	Woodside Avenue.
EVERGREEN	„	Oriole Avenue	„	Oriole Avenue.
FLORAL	„	Woodside Avenue	„	Chapel Avenue.
FOREST-GLADE . . .	„	Netherwood Avenue	„	Woodside Avenue.
GLEN	„	Savin Avenue	„	Greenbank Avenue.
GOTHIC	„	Woodside Avenue	„	Chapel Avenue.
GREENBANK	„	Woodside Avenue	„	Lakeside Avenue.
GREENLAWN	„	Mt. Moriah Avenue	„	Chapel Hill.

Highland	from	Mt. Moriah Avenue	to	Carolwood Avenue.
Hillside	„	Mt. Moriah Avenue	„	Highland Avenue.
Holyrood	„	Chapel Avenue	„	Greenlawn Avenue.
Lakeside	„	Greenbank Avenue	„	Savin Avenue.
Laurel	„	Oriole Avenue	„	Greenlawn Avenue.
Mount Moriah . . .	„	Entrance Avenue	„	Highland Avenue.
Netherwood	„	Entrance Avenue	„	Cygnet Avenue.
Oakwood	„	Woodside Avenue	„	Netherwood Avenue.
Ochella*	„	Greenlawn Avenue	„	Evergreen Avenue.
Oriole	„	Highland Avenue	„	Greenbank Avenue.
Ravine	„	Greenbank Avenue	„	Lakeside Avenue.
Savin	„	Woodside Avenue	„	Glen Avenue.
Woodside	„	Entrance Avenue	„	Cygnet Avenue.
Yule	„	Greenbank Avenue	„	Lakeside Avenue.

* Another name for "Yew."

PATHS.

ALKENNA*	from	Carolwood Avenue	to Greenbank Avenue.
AUBURN	„	Woodside Avenue	„ Altona Avenue.
AZURE	„	Sylvan Path	„ Sylvan Path.
CONSECRATION . . .	„	Lakeside Avenue	Around Pond.
EDGEWOOD	„	Gothic Avenue	„ Linnet Path.
EVERGREENS, Path of the . .	„	Evergreen Avenue	„ Oriole Avenue.
FOUNTAIN	„	Savin Avenue	„ Consecration Path.
GREENBUSH	„	Carolwood Avenue	„ Linden Path.
LINDEN	„	Carolwood Avenue	„ Cordate Avenue.
LINNET	„	Auburn Path	„ Azure Path.
NESTLING	„	Evergreen Avenue	„ Evergreen Avenue.
PORTAL	„	Forest-Glade Avenue	„ Receiving-tombs.
SYLVAN	„	Altona Avenue	„ Gothic Avenue.
SILVER BELL . . .	„	Woodside Avenue	„ Chapel Avenue.
ST. MARY'S	„	Greenbush Path	„ Carolwood Avenue.
VALAMBROSA	„	Woodside Avenue	„ Netherwood Avenue.
WILDWOOD	„	Woodside Avenue	„ Netherwood Avenue.
ZEPHYR	„	Yule Avenue	„ Fountain Path.

* Name of "Egyptian Privet."

PROPRIETORS OF LOTS.

PROPRIETORS.	NUMBER.	SITUATION.
Adams, James	68	Auburn Path.
Adams, Chester	69	Auburn Path.
Adams, Asahel	186	Path of the Evergreens.
Adams, Samuel S.	255	Evergreen Avenue.
Allen, George, jun.	113	Woodside Avenue.
Allen, Hiram	304	Edgewood Path.
Anderson, Swen	93	Evergreen Avenue.
Atkins, Barney P.	2	Evergreen Avenue.
Atkins, Isaiah M.	179	Auburn Path.
Ayers, Elizabeth	305	Evergreen Avenue.
Bazen, Richard C.	21	Chapel Avenue.
Bay-State Lodge, No. 814	43	Evergreen Avenue.
Baldwin-Place Church	50	Savin Avenue.
Baptist Church, First	66	Greenbank Avenue.
Ball, Betsey F.	76	Evergreen Avenue.
Baker, George, M.D.	74	Chapel Avenue.
Bailey, Joshua S.	80	Choral Avenue.
Barney, George T.	96	Sylvan Path.
Bacon, Mrs. Josiah	130	Auburn Path.
Bailey, John N.	155	Greenbank Avenue.

PROPRIETORS.	NUMBER.	SITUATION.
Bailey, Nancy A.	188	Auburn Path.
Bates, Benjamin P.	236	Path of the Evergreens.
Barton, William H.	253	Path of the Evergreens.
Babb, Walter	275	Path of the Evergreens.
Bailey, Edwin	284	Savin Avenue.
Barnard, George A.	357	Evergreen Avenue.
Bartlett, Mrs. Cleone M.	303	Oriole Avenue.
Bailey, Ephraim	310	St. Mary's Path.
Bean, Joshua	106	Path of the Evergreens.
Bethel Society, Boston Baptist	87	Everg. & Chessom Avs.
Bean, John	178	Path of the Evergreens.
Bliss, Eli C.	51	Woodside Avenue.
Blake, William W.	274	Greenbank Avenue.
Blanchard, Marshal	271	Chapel Avenue.
Blaisdell, Samuel N.	298	Path of the Evergreens.
Bowers, Alonzo.	146	Oriole Avenue.
Bowker, Daniel.	222	Savin Avenue.
Bowker, Edmund	347	Greenbank Avenue.
Bragdon, Granville L.	288	Chessom Avenue.
Bradbury, Jonathan O.	10	Woodside Avenue.
Brown, John	90	Woodside Avenue.
Bracket, Josiah.	137	Altona Avenue.
Brown, George	190	Greenbank Avenue.
Brown, George W.	193	Chapel Avenue.
Brown, Albert F.	232	Woodside Avenue.
Brown, John M.	259	Greenbank Avenue.
Brown, John M.	319	Greenbank Avenue.
Bruce, Jonathan	269	Greenbank Avenue.
Bryant, John, jun.	286	Woodside Avenue.
Boardman, Joseph H.	363	St. Mary's Path.

PROPRIETORS.	NUMBER.	SITUATION.
Butts, Noah	14	Woodside Avenue.
Butts, George	127	Savin Avenue.
Butterfield, James M.	162	Choral Avenue.
Burrows, William	184	Savin Avenue.
Burckes, George W.	202	Path of the Evergreens.
Burk, Joseph	324	Carolwood Avenue.
Burnham, Andrew E.	333	Edgewood Path.
Caswell, William	8	Woodside Avenue.
Caswell, Jacob	9	Woodside Avenue.
Caldwell, Moses H.	32	Woodside Avenue.
Caban, William	112	Floral Avenue.
Caldwell, Timothy B.	103	Floral Avenue.
Carruth, Thomas H.	114	Woodside Avenue.
Cass, Clark C.	158	Greenbank Avenue.
Cass, Rufus	270	Evergreen Avenue.
Carpenter, Cyrus	176	Akron Avenue.
Capen, Samuel A.	233	Woodside Avenue.
Carter, Joseph	294	Zephyr Path.
Children, Henry Estes	3	Path of the Evergreens.
Chadbourne, Humphrey	39	Greenbank Avenue.
Chadwick, Mrs. Elizabeth	41	Greenbank Avenue.
Chisholm, Alexander	248	Path of the Evergreens.
Clark, Cyrus T.	47	
Clark, James	71	Woodside Avenue.
Clark, Joseph H.	199	Path of the Evergreens.
Cook, Isaac	6	Woodside Avenue.
Couthouy, John S.	30	Woodside Avenue.
Cox, Richard	33	Path of the Evergreens.
Cobb, Cyrus	111	Floral Avenue.
Cobb, Rev. Sylvanus	82	Greenbank Avenue.

PROPRIETORS.	NUMBER.	SITUATION.
Coburn, Henry R.	134	Savin Avenue.
Cole, Merrill	53	Choral Avenue.
Comey, Benjamin	208	Path of the Evergreens.
Corbett, Charles L.	328	Greenbank Avenue.
Cruickshanks, James	62	Greenbank Avenue.
Croswell, Joseph P.	102	Floral Avenue.
Curry, Charles A.	44	
Cushing, Isaac C.	57	Chapel Avenue.
Cuthbertson, John	181	Greenbank Avenue.
Cummings, Mrs. Mary C.	182	Path of the Evergreens.
Currier, Daniel S.	249	Chessom Avenue.
Currier, John P.	276	Chapel Avenue.
Cushing, Francis H.	285	Path of the Evergreens.
Clark, George G.	352	
Dana, Henry	58	Chapel Avenue.
Darling, Charles K.	122	Floral Avenue.
Dale, Eli G.	291	Sylvan Path.
Dale, Samuel S.	292	Sylvan Path.
Dearborn, Mrs. James	225	Path of the Evergreens.
Demming, Edmund C.	279	Chessom Avenue.
Dix, James A.	140	Sylvan Path.
Ditson, Thomas	157	Oriole Avenue.
Dodge, Benjamin	239	Path of the Evergreens.
Dudley, George P.	123	Greenbank Avenue.
Dufur, John R.	201	Woodside Avenue.
Eaton, John L.	100	Sylvan Path.
Eastman, Joseph L.	150	Woodside Avenue.
Ellis, Joseph	56	Chapel Avenue.
Ellis, Peter	322	St. Mary's Path.
Elliot, Thomas G.	368	Savin Avenue.

PROPRIETORS.	NUMBER.	SITUATION.
Emmons, Daniel	167	Woodside Avenue.
Everdeen, Joseph	89	Path of the Evergreens.
Ewart, Archibald	227	Path of the Evergreens.
Fay, Frank B.	373	
Farnum, Benjamin	128	Woodside Avenue.
Fenlee, George	372	Edgewood Path.
Fisk, William	214	Woodside Avenue.
Fitzpatrick, William	345	St. Mary's Path.
Foster, Stephen W.	110	Woodside Avenue.
Forristall, Sylvender	73	Chapel Avenue.
Forristall, Alexander	371	Edgewood Path.
Forsyth, James B. (M.D.)	256	Woodside Avenue.
Foster, Elijah P.	341	Woodside Avenue.
Franklin Engine Company No. 7, Charlestown	206	Auburn Path.
Fuller, Henry Weld	48	Altona Avenue.
Fuller, Daniel F.	183	Greenbank Avenue.
Frost, William A. W.	365	Savin Avenue.
Gay, Thomas	37	Path of the Evergreens.
Gay, Timothy	46	
Gay, George L.	180	Evergreen Avenue.
Gardner, Galen	277	Chapel Avenue.
Gabriel, John	312	Evergreen Avenue.
Gerrish, Joseph	340	Woodside Avenue.
Goodridge, George	12	Woodside Avenue.
Goodwin, Samuel F.	95	Evergreen Avenue.
Gove, Ebenezer S.	177	Chessom Avenue.
Gould, Salma E.	212	Woodside Avenue.
Gould, Corbin	361	Savin Avenue.
Gove, Moses I.	267	Woodside Avenue.

PROPRIETORS.	NUMBER.	SITUATION.
Goodrich, Mrs. Mary	257	Path of the Evergreens.
Gooding, Samuel H.	343	Evergreen Avenue.
Greenleaf, Thomas	11	Woodside Avenue.
Guilford, Jonathan M.	281	Oriole Avenue.
Harding, Edward	13	Woodside Avenue.
Haddoway, John T.	54	Cypress Avenue.
Hart, Nathaniel O.	55	Cypress Avenue.
Hacket, Jeremiah C.	107	Woodside Avenue.
Harvey, Darius	121	Floral Avenue.
Hayes, Jacob (M.D.)	98	Auburn Path.
Harcourt, John	229	Path of the Evergreens.
Haskell, Thomas	254	Savin Avenue.
Harding, John	261	Auburn Path.
Hammond, Mrs. John	273	Woodside Avenue.
Hancock, Samuel	272	Chapel Avenue.
Hall, Zachariah	282	Savin Avenue.
Harrington, Jonathan	315	Edgewood Path.
Heard, Lucy	264	Woodside Avenue.
Hervey, John B.	240	Path of the Evergreens.
Hendy, Mrs. Sarah	318	St. Mary's Path.
Heath, Charles C.	301	Chessom Avenue.
Heath, Augustus H.	335	Woodside Avenue.
Heath, Nathaniel	336	Woodside Avenue.
Hittinger, Michael	24	Chapel Avenue.
Hill, Samuel P.	116	Choral Avenue.
Hill, Eli	290	Path of the Evergreens.
Hodgkins, Levi	172	Evergreen Avenue.
Howland, Henry	213	Woodside Avenue.
Howe, Mrs. Susan M.	238	Path of the Evergreens.
Horton, Reuben	360	Chapel Avenue.

PROPRIETORS.	NUMBER.	SITUATION.
Holbrook, William A.	280	Evergreen Avenue.
Howes, Reuben	321	Woodside Avenue.
Hutchinson, Herman	52	Woodside Avenue.
Hunniman, Catharine	63	Chapel Avenue.
Hunt, Mary A.	15	Woodside Avenue.
Huntingdon, William	197	Path of the Evergreens.
Hunt, Sylvester	297	Carolwood Avenue.
Hyde, Mary	327	St. Mary's Path.
Hosmer, Calvin	349	Carolwood Avenue.
Jackson, Andrew	262	Altona Avenue.
Jameson, Charles P.	332	St. Mary's Path.
Jennings, Francis M.	171	Auburn Path.
Jerauld, James W.	300	St. Mary's Path.
Johnson, Lewis	26	Woodside Avenue.
Josselyn, Asa H.	138	Path of the Evergreens.
Jones, Edward	152	Evergreen Avenue.
Johnson, William	166	Greenbank Avenue.
Johnson, John	196	Evergreen Avenue.
Kemlo, Francis	99	Path of the Evergreens.
Keith, Robert	117	Greenbank Avenue.
Kelly, Patrick H.	195	Choral Avenue.
Kennaston, Mary S.	198	Path of the Evergreens.
Kelley, Morris	230	Evergreen Avenue.
Kimball, Harvey Z.	156	Choral Avenue.
Kidder, James	293	Evergreen Avenue.
Knight, Charles R.	78	Evergreen Avenue.
Knowles, Thomas	86	Woodside Avenue.
Kendall, Joshua	351	
Lane, William	136	Path of the Evergreens.
Lane, Samuel	264	Evergreen Avenue.

PROPRIETORS.	NUMBER.	SITUATION.
Lamson, William A.	309	Woodside Avenue.
Levi, Simon	263	Path of the Evergreens.
Leman, R. Nathaniel	356	Chapel Avenue.
Litchfield, Nicholas	242	Path of the Evergreens.
Littlefield, Calvin A.	339	Carolwood Avenue.
Litchfield, T. Harvey	355	Chapel Avenue.
Logan, William H.	219	Evergreen Avenue.
Lynde, James	36	Path of the Evergreens.
Loomis, B. Jason	354	Savin Avenue.
Matthews, David P.	20	Chapel Avenue.
Mattox, Henry	27	Evergreen Avenue.
Magoun, Joshua	84	Floral Avenue.
Marsh, Thomas C.	124	Evergreen Avenue.
Mayo, Uriel K.	135	Altona Avenue.
Mason, Charles B.	143	Evergreen Avenue.
Mackie, Mrs. Thomas	164	Path of the Evergreens.
Martin, Benjamin T.	234	Woodside Avenue.
Masonic Lodge, Mount Tabor	247	Evergreen Avenue.
Matthews, James T.	258	Path of the Evergreens.
Methodist Epis. Church, First	49	Greenbank Avenue.
Merrill, Harum	109	Woodside Avenue.
Merritt, George I.	209	Path of the Evergreens.
Merriam, Otis	223	Savin Avenue.
Merriam, Liberty	224	Savin Avenue.
Metcalf, Marcus A.	251	Chapel Avenue.
Meserve, Hopley T.	331	Woodside Avenue.
Mitchell, Jacob	149	Auburn Path.
Mills, Christopher S.	160	Path of the Evergreens.
Miskelly, James	161	Woodside Avenue.
Mills, James L., jun.	220	Savin Avenue.

PROPRIETORS.	NUMBER.	SITUATION.
Mills, Isaac B.	221	Savin Avenue.
Miner, Matthias	211	Choral Avenue.
M'Math, John	38	Path of the Evergreens.
M'Clure, John	65	Path of the Evergreens.
M'Connell, James	241	Path of the Evergreens.
M'Pherson, William I.	246	Path of the Evergreens.
M'Kay, Nathaniel	323	Carolwood Avenue.
Moore, Francis L.	159	Path of the Evergreens.
Moffat, Richardson	18	Chapel Avenue.
Moses, Joseph T.	316	Path of the Evergreens.
Mullet, Charles T. and John	23	Woodside Avenue.
Murphy, Daniel S.	348	St. Mary's Path.
Nelson, Nehemiah	205	Savin Avenue.
Norton, Albert	217	Savin Avenue.
Oliver, John	306	St. Mary's Path.
Oliver, John, jun.	289	Savin Avenue.
Osgood, Zephania	34	Evergreen Avenue.
Parker, Joseph H.	367	Carolwood Avenue.
Page, Alvin R.	94	Woodside Avenue.
Page, Philip C.	118	Evergreen Avenue.
Page, Benjamin	317	Carolwood Avenue.
Parke, William C.	126	Floral Avenue.
Park, Richard F.	218	Path of the Evergreens.
Payson, Samuel (heirs of)	31	Woodside Avenue.
Peck, John	1	Evergreen Avenue.
Perkins, Benjamin T.	67	Evergreen Avenue.
Pendergast, George S.	133	Savin Avenue.
Peterson, Peter C.	194	Chapel Avenue.
Peaslee, John N.	243	Path of the Evergreens.
Pearce, George W.	265	Evergreen Avenue.

PROPRIETORS.	NUMBER.	SITUATION.
Pierce, William W.	7	Woodside Avenue.
Piercey, Henry C.	59	Floral Avenue.
Pinkham, Mrs. Lois	372	Edgewood Path.
Pitman, Daniel	70	Chapel Avenue.
Pigeon, Henry	307	Altona Avenue.
Plummer, Eben M.	83	Chessom Avenue.
Pottle, Jonathan W.	79	Greenbank Avenue.
Pool, Benjamin C.	308	Altona Avenue.
Pratt, Nathaniel	5	Woodside Avenue.
Pratt, Edward	19	Woodside Avenue.
Pratt, Oliver S.	81	Evergreen Avenue.
Pratt, Caleb	115	Choral Avenue.
Pratt, Isaac	174	Path of the Evergreens.
Pratt, Samuel	175	Path of the Evergreens.
Prescott, William	153	Greenbank Avenue.
Punchard, Thomas	148	Evergreen Avenue.
Ray, Peter W.	25	Woodside Avenue.
Rand, Mrs. Mary	97	Evergreen Avenue.
Raymond, William	268	Woodside Avenue.
Read, Josiah M.	326	Woodside Avenue.
Ricker, Daniel J.	129	Evergreen Avenue.
Rich, Isaiah A.	145	Greenbank Avenue.
Riley, Hugh	192	Auburn Path.
Riblet, Cornelius	302	Evergreen Avenue.
Rogers, Artemas W.	375	Oriole Avenue.
Rogers, Charles B.	104	Sylvan Path.
Rogers, John W. H.	342	Carolwood Avenue.
Russell, Stephen B.	210	Path of the Evergreens.
Rudd, William H.	287	Savin Avenue.
Rugg, George H.	320	Carolwood Avenue.

PROPRIETORS.	NUMBER.	SITUATION.
Sawin, Francis	64	Path of the Evergreens.
Sanborn, John	141	Woodside Avenue.
Sanborn, Erastus W.	252	Chapel Avenue.
Savage, Mary A.	204	Evergreen Avenue.
Sampson, Thomas	278	Gothic Avenue.
Sargent, George	296	Carolwood Avenue.
Scott, John M.	325	St. Mary's Path.
Sewell, Moses B.	17	Chapel Avenue.
Severance, Sargeant F.	231	Woodside Avenue.
Shaw, B. Nathaniel	366	Edgewood Path.
Shepherd, William	45	Path of the Evergreens.
Shipley, Mrs. Simon G.	77	Greenbank Avenue.
Sherburne, John	165	Oriole Avenue.
Shute, Richard	313	St. Mary's Path.
Sherman, Thomas	173	Chapel Avenue.
Shaw, Susan	120	Cypress Avenue.
Simonds, Francis	29	Woodside Avenue.
Sisson, Francis	187	Auburn Path.
Skinner, Henry O.	4	Woodside Avenue.
Smith, Oliver	101	Sylvan Path.
Smith, Mrs. John	105	Sylvan Path.
Smith, Charles H.	228	Path of the Evergreens.
Smith, Samuel	215	Auburn Path.
Smith, Lewis G.	295	Path of the Evergreens.
Snow, Zenas	125	Woodside Avenue.
Spade, William	245	Path of the Evergreens.
Stanwood, William E.	163	Evergreen Avenue.
Stone, Nathaniel	299	Evergreen Avenue.
Stiles, John	61	Savin Avenue.
Stimpson, George	168	Altona Avenue.

PROPRIETORS.	NUMBER.	SITUATION.
Stevens, Levi F.	185	Auburn Path.
Stevens, Jesse	216	Evergreen Avenue.
Straw, Milton	237	Yule Avenue.
Sweetser, John	154	Edgewood Path.
Swan, Joseph	364	Savin Avenue.
Taylor, John	92	Path of the Evergreens.
Taylor, Dolphin D.	4	Woodside Avenue.
Taylor, Henry	200	Path of the Evergreens.
Taylor, James H.	311	St. Mary's Path.
Taylor, John	329	Woodside Avenue.
Tenney, Robert G.	151	Greenbank Avenue.
Tenney, John H.	314	Savin Avenue.
Thayer, Charles G.	72	Savin Avenue.
Tuttle, Mrs. Eliza H.	144	Path of the Evergreens.
Turk, Eben	203	Evergreen Avenue.
Tylor, Sally	207	Oriole Avenue.
Tynes, Timothy	344	St. Mary's Path.
Underwood, Elizabeth	119	Altona Avenue.
Upham, Henry C.	235	Path of the Evergreens.
Wallace, William	359	Edgewood Path.
Ward, Edward	16	Woodside Avenue.
Waters, William, jun.	139	Path of the Evergreens.
Warren Fire Association (See "Jackson")	262	Altona Avenue.
Weeman, Eli P.	35	Evergreen Avenue.
West, Thomas Y.	91	Floral Avenue.
West, Charles	169	Evergreen Avenue.
West, Charles	369	Chessom Avenue.
Webb, Miss Mary	170	Savin Avenue.
Webster, William W.	334	Evergreen Avenue.

PROPRIETORS.	NUMBER.	SITUATION.
Whittier, Seth	108	Woodside Avenue.
Whitaker, Stephen	358	Carolwood Avenue.
Wheeler, Joseph	131	Woodside Avenue.
White, Ebenezer	370	Edgewood Path.
Whiting, Oliver R.	147	Oriole Avenue.
Whiting, Harry	189	Chessom Avenue.
Whiting, Samuel	191	Edgewood Path.
Whitten, Isaiah	226	Sylvan Path.
Whorf, James	244	Woodside Avenue.
Whittlesey, Corriden M.	250	Path of the Evergreens.
Wheelock, Eli W.	362	Oriole Avenue.
Whitman, Jeremiah	330	St. Mary's Path.
Wilson, William W.	42	Greenbank Avenue.
Wilkins, James	142	Woodside Avenue.
Wild, Charles D.	260	
Willis, George W.	266	Evergreen Avenue.
Winslow, William	283	Edgewood Path.
Winthrop Church, East Boston	85	Choral Avenue.
Wright, Eli M.	346	Path of the Evergreens.
Wyman, Artemas	88	Path of the Evergreens.
Wellington, W. Charles	353	Savin Avenue.

ADDENDA.

Badger, Willard	377	Edgewood Path.
Holmes, Jacob R.	376	Chapel Avenue.
Rogers, Joseph A.	378	Oriole Avenue.

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Office, — Parkman House, Bowdoin Square.

Secretary.

SIMON LEVI . . . . . BOSTON.

Superintendent.

JAMES CRUICKSHANKS . . . . . WOODLAWN.

*** The Superintendent is authorized to settle any bills, and has the charge of the extensive Nursery connected with the Cemetery.